

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

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LITERATURE

Sir Walter Scott. By Andrew Lang. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Life of Sir Walter Scott. By G. Le Grys Norgate. (Methuen & Co.)

MANY books other than novels come out year by year, but fewer people every day seem to know anything about such publications, or, indeed, about any authors beyond those of the moment. "I know," said a London lady to the present reviewer, "whom the vicar quoted in his sermon the other day: it was Matthew Arnold, and that's a pseudonym for G. R. Sims." Books are apparently bought in great numbers, but not read. In Scotland, according to Mr. Lang, they are not even bought:—

"One extravagance our countrymen and countrywomen avoid, as they would the devil, and that is buying a book. They are like the Highland crofter who was implored to give at least five shillings to the 'Suspension Fund,' and for the salvation of his immortal part. 'Me give five shillings to save my soul! I haena five shillings to buy myself tobacco.'"

There is a large public, one gathers, for magazines and newspapers, selections and collections of scraps, mangled fragments of poets and philosophers, and other short cuts to the world's wisdom. Still, we think that there are some masterly biographies which everybody ought to read and possess. One of these is Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' with its abundant proofs that literature is not a morbid secretion which abhors health; that a man of letters may be a charming companion to all the world; and that the inveterate habit of scribbling every day does not exclude practical sagacity, or

meritorious habits supposed to be confined to the Philistine. Lockhart's 'Life' is not only interesting, but also amusing in the common sense, being full of delicious traits and stories. But the present age cannot, it seems, tolerate length in anything except an official document (where brevity is suspect), and consequently we have before us two narratives founded on the great biography. There is, by the by, already an abbreviated form of it, but that itself is long; and Scott's merits as author and man are so exceptional, and have been so overshadowed by the claims of later Scots and romancers, that we think there is room for both of these new books. Further, we have had for some years, what Lockhart did not give us, the full 'Journal' of Sir Walter from the original manuscripts at Abbotsford—a book about which too much can hardly be said. It is the finest record of undefeated energy and Stoicism tempered by geniality that literature can show.

Mr. Lang has, of course, special claims to write on an obvious hero of his. He comes himself from Scott's countryside; he has been through all the Abbotsford MSS., edited the Waverley Novels, and written the life of Lockhart: in short his extraordinarily varied equipment includes strongly marked tastes, and perhaps limitations, characteristic of Scott. Mr. Lang has written of the figures of the analytical novel:—

They smile, and we are told, I wis,
Ten subtle reasons why they smile.

He does not care for the historians of fine consciences, though the thinness of some of Scott's characters (which he admits) must ultimately, we think, be traced to the little we know of their minds. We do not admire the spectacle of a man placarding the adventures of his own heart and home in fiction; we do not want any "chatter about Harriet" disguised under another name as a fancy heroine; but we do want to see something of the mental processes of the puppets who dance before us. Mr. Lang calls Lucy Ashton the Ophelia of Scott; but we feel that we know much of the one, little about the other. Still, that comparison is hardly fair to Scott, who has far greater heroines to show. Jeanie Deans is, as Mr. Lang says, "certainly one of the great creations of literature," and "without passion, as interesting as Becky Sharp." The latter would, as a clever lady once said, be an admirable neighbour at a dinner-party, while Jeanie Deans would not; but dinner-parties belong to society, which regards the private difficulties and trials of its members as non-existent, except as a cause of amusement.

Mr. Lang, as might be expected, revels in details of Scottish life and history; he trembles on the verge of a dozen divagations into favourite subjects, and many of his references in Latin and English require a classical education to understand them. We think that he underrates Scott's use of Latin, e.g., Butler in 'The Heart of Midlothian' quotes Catullus twice—though we agree that Scott was "never a first-rate Latinist." Everywhere, how-

ever, in Mr. Lang's narrative there are touches of delightful humour and sarcasm, which generally embody sound criticism, and which "the reading public" can appreciate. He is by no means a blind admirer of Scott, but he puts forward some plain facts and conclusions which ought to enlighten the uncritical and the prejudiced. Thus the novels

"were as conspicuously open to criticism, and were as severely handled by reviewers, in Scott's own day as in our own. But, if we may judge by endless new editions of all sorts, and at various prices, the 'Waverley' novels are not less popular now, than are, for their little span, the most successful flights of all-daring ignorance and bombastic presumption."

Elsewhere he says:—

"In an age where an acquaintance with Fitzgerald's 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyám, an exhaustive ignorance of all the literature of the past, and an especial contempt for Scott, whom Fitzgerald so intensely admired, are the equipment of many critics, we must be very cautious in praising the 'Waverley' novels."

Among points that are noteworthy we may mention the suggestions that Julia Mannering was derived from Lady Scott, and that Scott's powers of steady handwriting ("He once covered, without interruption, a hundred and twenty pages of folio at threepence the page") were due to his legal training, so that "the office," the supposed enemy of literary men, was of advantage to him later.

Mr. Lang supplies a clue, the use of an historical manuscript, by which Scott, though then "the Great Unknown," might have been detected as the author of the Waverley Novels. A more likely means of detection existed in the fact that the young literary clerk of 'Rob Roy' is found guilty in chap. ii. of a poem which begins:—

O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne.

Now 'Marmion' (canto vi. stanza 33) has
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne.

A novelist of distinction would hardly, we think, take two lines from somebody else, a well-known poet, misquote them, put a new continuation to them, and represent the whole as original verses by his young hero.

Mr. Lang calls the death of the Templar in 'Ivanhoe' a kind of miracle, and suggests (half playfully, perhaps) his own youthful solution of the difficulty—that the Templar was struck by lightning, and so could not meet his disabled opponent. But is the sudden death really improbable? Curiously enough, Lever in 'Charles O'Malley' (chap. lxii.) has an exactly parallel scene. Trevyllian, a villainous participator in a duel, dies like the Templar, though he is not credited with heart disease and

"no wound had pierced him. Some tremendous conflict within had snapped the cords of life, and the strong man had perished in his agony."

We have one complaint to make: it is really too bad of experts like Mr. Lang

and his publishers to produce a book without an index. There are some pertinent illustrations of Scott and his circle.

Mr. Norgate has, we are glad to say, added a thorough index to his volume. It is clear that he has visited Scott's country of late, and the illustrations of places, which are liberally interspersed in the text, are an excellent feature of his book. His pages, as against Mr. Lang's 258, amount to 348, and he has woven into his narrative with considerable skill the details of Scott's life and intercourse with men great and small. Sometimes he deals more with the popular than the significant side of biography, as when he tells us that the old Bishop of Tarentum whom Scott visited had a superb Persian cat. But he has made some additions of interest from sources not accessible to Lockhart, and we are glad to have the record of Scott's family after his death. The chapter, by another hand, on Scott as a lawyer, is bright, but of no special value. Mr. Norgate's critical remarks on the various poems and novels are judicious, but we are surprised to find that he says little or nothing of Scott's work as a whole. The life of man of letters surely ought to include some record of the influence of his work on his successors, and Scott was a power on the Continent, and in the New World, where his "feudal nonsense" has been the subject of bitter attack, notably by Mark Twain. Even Mr. Lang's final chapter, on Scott's character and place in literature, is rather thin. If Scott's longer poems are, as seems generally agreed, for the young and the local enthusiast, his lyrics, such as 'Proud Maisie,' are for everybody and for all time. Scott's pre-eminence in this line is now generally recognized, though our authors say little about it.

The differences between a Waverley novel and the average modern production of the sort are many, but we do not know that they have been considered with care; and the novel of to-day is so formless and unrestricted an affair as almost to defy analysis. Scott, it may be noted, always pictures the state of society on which his figures are based; nowhere will you find better descriptions of the whole scene and circumstances which make the varied, but distinct background of human activity and motive. He takes care to put you in the way to understand what everybody was doing or likely to do at the time; whereas a modern is so busy making his hero and heroine talk that he can only hint at their surroundings or the general features of their times. At best he lays on "local colour" in conscientious, but evident patches. If history is to be gathered from the twentieth-century "best sellers," there will be odd ideas of this present year of grace for the future New Zealander to swallow.

En revanche, it may be noted that Scott lacks the "nostalgie de l'Infini," as Jane Austen did. He is not concerned about the soul or religious doubts; he never descends or ascends (as the reader pleases to regard it) into metaphysics. He would have treated the story of 'Measure for

Measure' with admirable moral sagacity, but without any of that deep philosophic reflection which Shakspeare associates with it. Scott looks beyond romantic or poetical justice: Mr. Norgate does not approve of the last part of 'The Heart of Midlothian,' but it is clear from Scott's final paragraph to the reader that he could not let the guilty Robertson go without the condign punishment of a violent death. A more subtle modern mind would, perhaps, have dwelt on the mental tortures he and his wife endured in high society until we were assured that their sufferings were not unequal to their crime.

We do not think it fair to suggest, as an acute critic has done, that Scott did not know women till late in life, and therefore never realized their true inwardness. We prefer to be grateful for a reticence which does not dwell on passion, the undisciplined mad side of love, and leaves Diana Vernon a pearl among women, a fit example for shrieking novelists and those who would represent love, because it is bound up with physical attraction, as devoid of all spiritual elements.

Of the wonderful humour and pathos of Scott's long picture gallery it is not, we hope, necessary to speak. One or two only of the world's masters in fiction, Stevenson said, had Scott's "full, dark brush." Let any one who is an artist read again the simple scene of the death of the young fisherman in 'The Antiquary,' put the book by, and try later to rewrite it, or compose a scene out of similar materials. If he gets anywhere near Scott, he is beyond most of the belauded writers of to-day.

A History of Rome during the later Republic and early Principate. By A. H. J. Greenidge. — Vol. I. B.C. 133-104. (Methuen & Co.)

THIS volume was intended to be the first of six dealing with the history of Rome for the two hundred years from the Gracchi to the accession of Vespasian. It is a period which inevitably attracts the attention, but generally exhausts the patience, of the student; and the time was ripe for a carefully written history, which should incorporate all that modern research could add to the standard authorities upon the subject, and tell the tale again. To succeed in this twofold task is an ambition worthy of the best efforts of any scholar; and in conception, at any rate, the present work is deserving of praise.

In an introductory chapter of one hundred pages the characteristics of the period just before the Gracchi are carefully considered, with the special object of setting forth the social and economic problems with which the reformers had to deal. The author is certainly at his best where is he discussing some larger issues such as these: he shows, in fact, more skill in collecting and arranging the multifarious information bearing upon the several parts of his subject than in relating

afresh the story as a whole. One cannot help feeling that the indefatigable student has given us in these pages the best that research could supply, and the political philosopher the products of his most careful thought; but the result is not entirely satisfactory, from the point of view of history. Something is yet lacking.

Now and again the author has done good pieces of work—for example, in the passages concerned with the character of Tiberius Gracchus (p. 106), of Marius (p. 301), and of Sulla (p. 444). Yet these do but justify the criticism pronounced above, that the particular point or person is well and truly treated, while the work is disappointing as a whole from its lack of directness, proportion, and continuity. We do not leave the discussion of a political question, or the description of a campaign, with a really clear impression in our minds; and this is a pity where so much learning has been employed and so much labour expended. With its 500 pages the volume ought to be able to combine clearness and completeness in its commentary on a period of thirty years.

We believe that the real fault lies in the writing; for, though no one will doubt the pains the author has taken, one must make a virtue of necessity to admit that the style of this book is interesting or inspiring. Now and again the patient reader—and he must be patient—comes across a sentence that satisfies the historical sense; but for the most part the attention, which should be free for the historical events, characters, and problems under discussion, is diverted to the language of the discussion. The sentences are often too much like German, the argument often too close, to allow the reader to take the book in generous doses. Returning to the task with all goodwill, he is soon entangled again in the tiresomely long sentences and paragraphs, made none the easier by the long, close-printed lines of a broad page and by the absence of paragraph-headings. We have no wish to make history shallow in style or unscientific in treatment; but we think that the historian should be able to deliver his message without inflicting a headache upon us by sheer intensity of intellect. The following sentence (on p. 262) may be taken as typical of the difficult language in which this book is written. The claim of Caius Gracchus to greatness is said to rest

"partly on the finality with which he removed the jealousies of the hour from the idle arena of daily political strife, and gave them their place in the permanent machinery or the constitution, there to remain as the necessary condition of the precarious peace or the internecine war which the jarring elements of a balance of power bring in turn to its possessors."

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. The writer of this review was engaged upon it when he saw the announcement of Dr. Greenidge's death. What is written above, then, is written in the pathetic knowledge that it can no longer be of any service to the author himself, whose silence leaves history and scholarship the poorer to-day.

But the example of devoted work which he gave may well inspire others to take up the torch, and supply that need which many classical students feel again and again—a really good history of the last century of the Roman republic and the first of the principate.

The English Works of George Herbert, newly arranged and annotated, and considered in relation to his Life. 3 vols. By George Herbert Palmer. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MR. GEORGE HERBERT PALMER, from the internal evidence of his book, is, we gather, an American ; and in these three volumes he has evidently raised a shrine over the relics of his patron saint. Not often has the naming of children after eminent writers such a result. He has accomplished a very thorough and loving labour, bestowing exhaustive care on every part of Herbert's work, and doing his best to correlate the work with the man. He himself calls the result a "Dictionary of Herbert." It seems at first excessive ; but there is little—beyond a certain diffuseness—which has not pertinence.

After a method growing into fashion, he treats the various aspects of the poet and his work in a series of introductory essays following the biography, and treats them well. But he further groups the poems to illustrate Herbert's life and the stages of his inward development, and enforces the connexion in an essay prefixed to each group. These essays have much to do with the disproportion between text and comment ; yet few would wish away what are among the most interesting parts of the volumes. To each poem he again prefixes a sort of *schema*, giving under formal headings the date, Herbert's employment of the metre, notes on single lines and passages, and a general statement of the meaning of the poem. The method makes for formal precision ; but the anxiety about every variation of metrical form seems a little pedantic, nor can we reconcile ourselves to the prose "argument" of each poem. It is for "Herbert beginners," says Mr. Palmer. But we cannot conceive that the man who needs it should ever really *taste* Herbert's poetry—despite a very intelligent person who assured us he read 'The Ring and the Book' six times before he understood it, "and really enjoyed it in the end." The tragedy would have been too painful if he had not. Mr. Palmer takes some risks by the process ; but only once (as shall be noted hereafter) have we chanced on a slip of interpretation.

The edition includes all Herbert's prose—the handful of letters, 'The Country Parson,' a translation of Cornaro on 'Temperance,' and notes on Valdesso's 'Divine Considerations.' The letters, of course, are invaluable for their lights, however limited, on the poet's life and earlier character. Of the rest, only 'The Country Parson' has any considerable value. Full of Herbert's high-minded

practical wisdom, it pictures his own life and work at Bemerton, in English vital with the sap of the soil. These and the poems are all the text, round which Mr. Palmer has woven a mass of commentary on which we can ourselves comment only by selections.

The special value of his discriminating comment is its freedom from the Boswellian disease. He traverses with much courage and independence the traditional idea of Herbert. Vaughan called him the "holy" George Herbert ; Walton sealed the epithet to him for all posterity. The fervent Walton, as we think, was intent on canonizing a select body of saints in the Established Church ; and Herbert's is not the only 'Life' which needs some grains of allowance for its author's sincere enthusiasm. Mr. Palmer says boldly and sensibly that the poet, though earnestly good, was not holy. In his earlier days he was fain to think a little worldly ambition not irreconcilable with spirituality. Even the *gran rifiuto* which led him to Bemerton and the work of a country parson did not end the struggle. He was disappointed with the life, which did not bring him peace ; disappointed at last with the priesthood ; and almost to the end there was conflict in him between the spirit and a tenacious hankering for the advantages of earth. It is just this conflicting duality (as Mr. Palmer says) which sympathetically brings him near to our imperfect selves, sensible of a like discord within us. His senses were keen : he loved music ; his poems are sweet-smelling with allusions to scent, vivid with alertness of eye, full of the savour of taste ; he was temperate by studious restraint. Ease was pleasant to him : his dreaded temptations were idleness and women, and Mr. Palmer remarks that sexual love to him is lust. The editor appropriates a whole group of poems to this inward "Struggle." We may perhaps question some arbitrariness in this precise allocation of poems to the stages of the poet's psychical evolution, though the grouping of the poems written in the Cambridge and Bemerton periods respectively is unimpeachable. But the allocation suberves Mr. Palmer's plan in relating the poems to the life.

Herbert's admirable pregnancy of thought and expression he develops well, but is clearly troubled by the charge of artificiality. Its frequency shows that the impression is common. To us Herbert, often failing in taste, is seldom artificial. Mr. Palmer has the insight to say that Herbert is never more full of passion than when he is most "artificial." Which surely gives the case away. "Impassioned artificiality" !—that is, wondrous hot ice and most scalding snow. It is a contradiction in terms. This "artificiality" is spontaneous and glowing ; as with many other poets, it is natural to him, though unnatural to the average modern man. Like it or dislike it, call it what you will—but not artificial.

Another trouble to Mr. Palmer is the alleged uncouthness of the poet's metre. He discriminates against it wordily and

sensibly, where few words would have sufficed. Herbert is too true a poet not to let the emotion mould his metre. Thoughtful compression being the character of his poetry, the emotion is grave and pregnant, the metre therefore grave and firm-knit, echoing the sententiousness and closeness of substance and expression. The bones and muscles of speech are not sacrificed to the adipose and lubricant vowels. Melodious flow would be as nonsensical as a Te Deum set to the Venus music in 'Tannhäuser.' But there is no wanton harshness in Herbert's best poems. It seems unknown nowadays that metre is a means of expression. This poet can have melodic beauty when it is appropriate—witness the 'Easter Hymn.' Who that has ear but must hear the lovely movement of the first stanza, in particular—which we could analyze were this the place for it ? It is the last two stanzas of this hymn that Mr. Palmer seems curiously to misunderstand. Herbert says, if the Sun and the East should offer to contest "with Thy arising, they presume" ; and asks :—

Can there be any Day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour ?
We count three hundred, but we miss ;
There is but One, and that One ever !

Mr. Palmer explains :—

They would be presumptuous to compare what they bring with what Easter brings—All the three hundred days of the year get their significance from this single day."

Plainly, he takes "thy arising" as addressed to Easter Day ; and the "one" sun which is "ever," to be the Easter sun. But Herbert is addressing the risen Christ, and the "one" everlasting sun is the Sun Christ (as in our quotation we have emphasized by capitals). The mistake steals half the beauty and force from the verses.

Coleridge long since remarked of one of Herbert's poems that it was select and beautifully *right* common speech, the language which every educated gentleman would wish to write. And (allowing for changes of language) we think this true of Herbert at his best. He has neither the occasional Wordsworthian magic of Vaughan nor the virtuosity of Crashaw ; he utters the wisdom of practical virtue in plain, choice speech, and imagery sometimes homely, always felicitously apt, with a feeling native to the general human breast. The only obscurity is that of close thought and imagery, not of language.

In conclusion, Mr. Palmer gives, we think, good reason for following Ferrer's text, though he carefully supplies all the variations of the MSS. He furnishes an index, and also Herbert's will ; while the volumes are illustrated by portraits and views of places connected with the poet's life. The edition is an elaborate and worthy monument to the gravely sweet and original genius who was the source and father of our religious lyric poets :—

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repair, and in their urns draw golden fire.

Brief Literary Criticisms. By the late Richard Holt Hutton. Selected from *The Spectator* by his Niece, Elizabeth M. Roscoe. (Macmillan & Co.)

A COLLECTION of short essays, especially when reprinted from a newspaper, can never entirely satisfy. The writer is necessarily debarred from completely proving his premises or illustrating his lines of argument. We are for ever being hurried on to a new subject, treated probably from a different point of view, without substantiating conclusions on any.

But, on the other hand, a series of this kind, from its very diversity, throws much light on the author's character; and, in the case of so honest and consistent a man as Mr. Hutton, resembles a critical journal or autobiography. It serves as a personal introduction, an opportunity for talk; and the effect is enhanced by Miss Roscoe's judicious arrangement, which ignores "the chronological sequence," and places together articles which touch "on the same or similar subjects."

Our author, of course, was so long and intimately connected with *The Spectator* that the public is already familiar with his general attitude towards men and books; but the opportunity of studying his opinions consecutively must deepen the impression of a vigorous and acute personality.

That personality, maybe, will seem rather conventional and old-fashioned to the present generation. There are idols in our market-place of which he knew little, and for which he cared less: many now look for little beyond "effect" in style and novelty in judgment. But, for that very reason, the serious critic will study with special interest the outlook of a writer whose mind dwelt with Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold; with Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot.

Mr. Hutton, undoubtedly, had a special bias for the didactic in poetry and fiction: his religion is sincere and complacent, though never narrow; and he cares little for any work of art not founded on moral purpose. But, after all, the sermon is popular with the English people; and his leanings are particularly characteristic of his generation. On every subject that appeals to him he is eminently suggestive.

He is justified, for example, in the unexpected judgment that Wordsworth was no egotist, as "the peculiarly inward turn of his mind" has led the world to assume. The poet once "told a friend that he had never written love-poetry because he dared not; it would have been too passionate." He felt deeply for nature and humanity, but

"he was warned by some inward instinct always to restrain emotion, however strong and stormy, till he could find a peaceful and lucid reflection of it in the mirror of a quiet mind."

—a mode of "treating his own feelings altogether alien to the method of the mass of mankind."

In claiming for Scott "the business

insight of a shrewd realist," because his stories "move amidst the bewildering paradoxes of human nature on a large scale, and not on the narrow stage of mere adventure and romance," Mr. Hutton, of course, is thinking of true realism, and has no intention of belittling that great novelist by association with the "modern school" which he elsewhere heartily condemns. In the jargon of to-day Scott is naturally quoted as the greatest of English romance-writers; but his "concrete and rich detail" of colouring remains of the highest significance to his art.

Our author, again, is probably right in contending that Matthew Arnold, "negative as the outcome of his thought too frequently is," was always "lucid and confident, dogmatic even in his denials of dogma." The comparison between his "sharply chiselled lines" and the "freer sweep, but more uncertain drift," of the too often neglected Clough, is excellent; and it is certainly true that either poet "felt keenly that there was something in man, as well as in the universe outside man, which rendered it impossible to attain the highest freedom without submitting himself to the mysterious yoke within him—a yoke which he would not ignore, though he would not welcome it."

The singers of Doubt cannot escape the Unseen.

Mr. Hutton's welcome and insistent praise of Dickens cannot be fairly summarized in a sentence. Most people agree that the author of 'The Pickwick Papers' was, despite his detractors, a great humourist, though he never rose to the "delicate painting of emotion" and his pathos was nearly always melodramatic. George Eliot is probably, at the moment, less popular than any of the other great Victorians; and a discreet eulogy of her work is well timed. Her exceptional "largeness of mind" in reason and imagination, and her deep insight into human nature, must ultimately triumph with posterity; though Mr. Hutton has touched her weak spot in noting that "the tone of feeling prevailing in her novels goes far in advance even of their direct moral teaching." Her laborious and academic speculations overshadow her noblest scenes, and she "almost uniformly quenches her ideal light in gloom."

The volume contains many other reflections of incidental worth: that in reality Carlyle loved "divine force" more than truth; that "every great poem has been a great stroke for freedom, for the freedom of the heart and mind"; and that hardly one of Wordsworth's poems "beats with the quick throb of the lyric." Mr. Hutton's attitude towards the Froude-Carlyle controversy and the publication of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne is sound and characteristic; and the daring of his claim for Clough's incomplete studies of faith, morality, and love deserves notice. He quotes, with just enthusiasm, from 'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich,' a "curiously subtle passage on love 'in the making' which must wait for its popularity till the human heart understands itself

better, and is franker with itself, but which will have its popularity then."

We have already hinted that Miss Roscoe's editorial work has been well done; but these essays should not have been issued without an index, and one regrets that undue reverence for her author has restrained her from occasionally emending his text. In the hurry of press-work Mr. Hutton slipped into a few careless expressions, which so careful a writer would have unhesitatingly corrected in the course of revision. "Tennyson studies poems; Browning, it might almost be said, studies the neglect of *these qualities*," is obviously a misprint; and the reference to spurious oratory "toppling down into very closely allied nonsense" has gone astray. Surely an editor is justified at times in saving an author from himself.

NEW NOVELS.

The Wheel of Life. By Ellen Glasgow. (Constable & Co.)

THERE is no question as to the cleverness of Miss Glasgow; the very texture of her writing discovers that to an experienced eye. But she has a psychological fluency which is almost alarming. She will take you through the whole course of a character's thoughts, meditations, and reminiscences, between breakfast eggs, in a dozen pages, and you will be convinced that she is right. But at the same time you would rather have been spared them; for, frankly, you see no necessity for the intrusion. Psychology for the sake of psychology seems to appeal to the author. The average level of the tale is extraordinarily high, but it does not rise to anything that matters very much anywhere. And it has the feminine vice of heroizing. Most of Miss Glasgow's men are of sound human flesh, particularly the sensual Bridewell and his cousin; but the author must have a hero marked out for the post from the outset. And thus we are introduced to the hardworking, good-hearted Adams, whose noble character shines in a naughty world. Adams, alas! is not of human blood. But the women of the tale are excellent. So far as the structure of the novel goes, its main fault is that it is concerned with the fortunes of various groups of people, and is thus somewhat formless. But that charge could be levelled against a much greater work—"Middlemarch."

The Great Refusal. By Maxwell Gray. (John Long.)

THE reform of industrialism and trade and finance cannot be satisfactorily discussed in a review of a novel, so we need only say that this trenchant indictment of modern society would have been more satisfactory had less been made of the crude and callow attempts of the hero and his friends towards "true civilization." A millionaire's son, a dreamy dilettante, who, finding his father's business dishonest, declines to become a partner, and

so is thrown upon his own resources, may command respect, but does not *ipso facto* blossom into an inspired economist. Moreover, he is consciously in love with the worldly daughter of an Irish earl, and subconsciously with her cousin, who comes "out first in Greats, distancing even those dominant males," and then devotes herself to a social settlement in East London connected with a male University settlement in which the hero and his college friends are intimately concerned; while both ladies fall in love with him at first sight. Such conditions are not conducive to the solution of problems which have baffled the profoundest thinkers. However, the youth and his fluctuating entourage are sufficiently interesting, and the story presents several effective situations, which are carefully mounted. But the young reformers strain painfully after epigram.

The Shadow of Life. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable & Co.)

THE author of this long, careful novel may be relied upon for conscientious workmanship and genuine study of character. The present book is a remarkably close analysis of the lives and characters of a man and a woman from childhood to maturity. The subsidiary figures also are handled with intelligent care; but upon these two, particularly upon the less worthy of them, the nicety of microscopic work has been lavished. With nothing but praise for method so thorough, we cannot withhold regret that it should have been expended upon the spiritless hero. If a creature so lacking in the sap of humanity can exist—and it is true that our age has produced some tolerably back-boneless people—here is his portrait to the life, a finished production. But a study of such a figure is rather pathological than romantic, and we fear it will either tire the average reader or exasperate him past bearing. A man who can love a woman deeply, desire her greatly, experience biting jealousy regarding her, and extort from her a confession of her absolute devotion to him, becomes simply intolerable when he leaves her to die of a broken heart, because his fancied lack of interest in life suggests that he cannot make a proper husband. Withal, the thing has been done really well.

The Fifth Queen. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers.)

MR. HUEFFER makes occasional mistakes; his generalizations are weak and faulty at times; but his writing is not slipshod, though he is prolific. His latest book is perhaps his best, and in the historical novel of England's spacious days he may have discovered his *métier*. The "Fifth Queen" of the title is Catharine Howard, and the story furnishes noteworthy portraits of the eighth Henry, Privy Seal Cromwell, Bishop Gardiner, and the ill-fated fifth queen herself. The story is good, as such, and some distinction is lent to it by two facts: the author has saturated

himself in the atmosphere and colour of the period he deals with, and he has followed history not slavishly, but as one who reads his own conceptions into the records of the age. Here and there we are irritated by the author's regrettable practice of continually reverting to any phrase or word which has pleased him. As his taste in phrases favours the curious and bizarre, this weakness is made the more prominent. Some will find the language used too full-flavoured, but it is not discordant.

The Mystery of the Shadow. By Fergus Hume. (Cassell & Co.)

A MURDERER who masquerades under the guise of the family ghost is a very fearsome being, especially when he appears silhouetted against a lighted window by night in the act of seizing his prey. The circumstance that the murder is thus committed within sight of witnesses lends a certain novelty to a style of work which Mr. Hume long ago rendered familiar. The purpose of this story is gradually to reveal the identity of the criminal. Suspicion is adroitly thrown upon one person after another, and the reader is kept in suspense until the very sensational close. There is ability in the book, but the author has shown himself capable of better things.

Lads of the Fancy. By George Bartram. (Duckworth & Co.)

HERE we have a picture, fairly well worked out in detail, of the year 1811, when the prize-ring and the Corinthians, hard drinking and heavy gambling, were in vogue. The story has a healthy, open-air smack about it, but there is not very much plot, and the whole lacks distinction in the telling. The main threads of the narrative are gathered round a wonderful Bow Street runner, who is a vast deal cleverer and honest than most of the folks whom he has to deal with—a man too good, we venture to think, for his time and his class, but endowed by the author with a wonderful talent for playing the *deus ex machina*.

The Belle of Bowling Green. By A. E. Barr. (John Long.)

A SIMPLE tale concerning the wealthy residents of Dutch extraction in New York about the period of our war with the United States, 1812-14, makes a welcome change from the numerous romances dealing with the War of Independence and other hackneyed periods of American history. The heroine's father was one of those dignified and unostentatious citizens who lived in comfort and elegance round the Fort and the Bowling Green. Notwithstanding—perhaps because of—the absence of mystery and crime and violent action, interest is well sustained by a lively representation of the quickly shifting lights and shades of family life and courtship. Political antipathies, the war, the mischief-making of a vain and coquettish

cousin, and the perplexities attending the gradual extinction of duelling among speakers of English effectually prevent the course of the belle's true love for a handsome youth of Scotch extraction from running smooth. Several of the characters, especially the belle's relatives, are effectively sketched; and the quaint inversions of the Dutch-American English help to enliven the portraits. So tactfully is the topic of the war handled that it is uncertain to which side the sympathies of the author incline.

The Bishop's Apron. By W. S. Maugham. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS pleasant satire concerns the ambition and social diplomacy of a blameless ecclesiastic. The Honourable and Reverend Canon Theodore Spratte is the energetic incumbent of a fashionable London parish, and has the apostolic desire for a bishopric the more strongly as he is anxious to confirm the position of his family, ennobled through his father, a Lord Chancellor whose origin was obscure. He has a ribald elder brother, a conventional curate for a son, and a daughter who falls in love with a Socialistic lecturer. The fortunes of this circle are the occasion for much epigram, and several life-like social sketches.

Barr & Son. By Edwin Elliot. (Elliot Stock.)

OPENING well in a Bermondsey builder's yard, with more than a promise of a good story concerning the labour problem, 'Barr & Son' fails in its later chapters to retain our attention. A sub-title calls it the story of a modern knight-errant. The gentleman in question, Randolph Villiers Trevanion, Viscount Ulchester, renouncing the luxury of presumably comparative idleness to work as a joiner in a Bermondsey firm, in order to study at first hand the lives and surroundings of working men and women, forms with his protégé Reuben Strong and the two Barr sisters, Rachel and Polly, a counterbalance of virtue to the inevitable Bernstein (a rich usurer, sometime spy, informer, and traitor) and his wife. She is supposed to have no interest in life except a revolutionary society which gives a background of continental colour to the more prosaic English scenes. Anonymous and intercepted letters play an unduly large part in the plot, and the love affairs of both sisters are not very convincing, but some of the situations are dramatic.

JOURNEYINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds (Macmillan), by H. A. Evans, is an excellent example of a series which maintains a high level both of letterpress and illustrations. The author—wisely, we think—does not spend much time in Oxford itself, but takes the northern half of the basin of the Upper Thames, a large area which he does not pretend to exhaust. It is a district of exceptional interest, both for

its natural beauties and its historic monuments and associations, and, being rather out of the world of trains, it is little known to the tourist. Mr. Evans, except for an occasional touch of affectation, writes very well, and displays a knowledge alike of architecture, history, and botany. Good use has been made of the best books on the subject, and Mr. Evans has a talent for divagation with his bicycle which has led him to many pleasant discoveries. Occasionally he seems to the present reviewer (born and bred in the district) to have missed delectable things; but that is, perhaps, only natural. He has a good hold of local traditions, too, though he has not found one for Traitor's Ford. Cromwellians flying, with a heavy carriage, from the battle of Edge Hill, drowned in the stream (which must have been much bigger then than it is now), and regarded by the king's men as traitors suitably punished, form the explanation supplied by oral lore. Mr. F. L. Griggs's illustrations are all good. Holiday makers cannot do better than follow in Mr. Evans's footsteps. He gives full credit to his predecessors, and has an easy way of introducing his own bits of history and adventure which makes the volume light, though it is of solid value. We note that the three maps at the end are not of much use, being on so small a scale as an inch to five miles. The hills are severe, and distinct indication of them would have been useful for the traveller. That from Long Compton to Chipping Norton was celebrated for its trial of horses in the old coach days. The word "tableland" can hardly be applied to any part of a region so varied in its drops and altitudes.

In Literary Rambles in the West of England (Chatto & Windus) Mr. A. L. Salmon has a good subject, and a multitude of celebrities to bring forward, including Borrow, Gay, Herrick, Hawker of Morwenstow, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Richard Jefferies. He "deals with the living memories of his localities, rather than with their dry-as-dust antiquities or unimportant provincialisms." In fact, he does not speak of his experiences of places so much as of the people who lived or stayed in them. He is fluent, but his manner is journalistic rather than literary. Many of his stories and references will be of interest to the ordinary man, though they are perfectly well known to the man of letters. Short accounts of such poets as Herrick and Keats need more critical power than is shown here. In speaking of the latter Mr. Salmon misquotes Wordsworth. It is possibly a defect of style that he appears to patronize occasionally, in unsuitable fashion, men who should be secure from such treatment. There are repetitions throughout which should have been avoided, and we note a tendency to wordy generalities. Still, the book may please its audience: the author certainly shows industry.

Rambles in Brittany. By Francis Miltoun. (Duckworth & Co.)—Mr. Miltoun has here written a nice chatty book about Brittany, dedicated to the landlady of his hotel. We feel a little shy about criticizing books meant, perhaps, for quite another public than our own, but it is not clear how a song whose burden is "Vive le roi! Vive Louis!" took its rise in the days of Francis I. Mr. Miltoun seems to have a passion for imparting information in appendixes—some of it inaccurate. A map of the departments of France is introduced—apropos of nothing—and labelled 'The Provinces of France' (p. 359), with an account of the metric system, and a diagram from an unacknowledged source, of the various parts of a feudal château. Miss McManus contributes

some amusing sketches and diagrams of head-gear.

In Further Ardenne: a Study of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. By the Rev. T. H. Passmore. (Dent & Co.)—At first sight everything seems to speak in favour of this well-printed book. The subject is good and unhampered, and its illustration is confined to a limited number of very good photographs. If the author had restricted himself to what he knew and saw, or was told on good authority, he would have made a noteworthy addition to the very limited number of works on his subject. But unfortunately he has over-estimated his powers. One does not hope for much enlightenment on "feudal society" from a writer who speaks of a successor of Charlemagne as "the German Emperor"; but one is truly astonished to find such statements as these:

"A seigneur who oppressed or browbeat his vassals unduly would have been left to the tender mercies of his marauding neighbours. There was no obligation upon them to stay."

"The serf's case was not hopeless. Liberty and even the honours of chivalry were open to him."

"The art of writing represented a standard of erudition somewhere about the modern level of Sanskrit or the differential calculus."

"High Justice"—to him—relates "to crimes which could entail corporal punishment," "Low Justice" to "land-property and rents." With a general knowledge of this sort as basis, the history of Luxembourg is commented on at length in a style which does not please us. But after all, as Mr. Passmore reminds us on his title-page, "Tout paysage est un état [sic] d'âme," and it is no use to dispute about souls any more than about taste.

The Jordan Valley and Petra. By W. Libbey and Franklin E. Hoskins. (Putnam's Sons.)—This entertaining book gives an account of the adventures of two American tourists on the Eastern side of the Jordan—a country which they explored all the way from the Sea of Galilee to Petra beyond the Dead Sea. They returned from Petra by a most laborious and distressing route, touching the south shore of that sea, and incurred much suffering from thirst. It was a great change from the consistent comforts and amenities of their progress. They tell us rather too much about themselves, their cooks, their servants, their appointments, and though they give us a good many descriptions of and suggestions on the strange geology of the country, and ordinary orthodox illustrations from the Bible, they have not been at pains to sketch the history of the Decapolis, the episode of the Crusaders, or the many problems about the origin of so strange a city as Petra. This and Gerasa were the most important places they visited, and both are indeed full of interest. But if it be true that many inscriptions have been unearthed by the Circassians whom the Porte planted some years ago on the edge of the Arabian desert, our travellers might have employed their cameras far better in reproducing them than in giving us dull pictures of the stony deserts through which they wandered. They are themselves delighted with their work, but a desert picture without its colours is naught, and nothing could be more disappointing than the views round Petra, which give the reader no idea whatever of the strange features fully described in the text. In the gorge of the city itself the colours of the rocks are most wonderful, as every traveller has testified; but except from two pictures which show us the narrow horrors of the cañon, we gain no knowledge.

The pictures of Gerasa, being of architecture, are far more satisfactory, as are

also the actual rock façades at Petra. But where the authors boast that they have found in the former the most perfect Greek city still to be seen, we should like to ask, Are the colonnades and temples still visible at Gerasa indeed Greek work? To us they appear late Roman Greek—at earliest, such as Herod the Great might have built; nor have the authors supplied any evidence that this city was, like Antioch, the product of true Hellenism. They strive, not without success, to be picturesque in their style, but they never approach the vividness of the great travellers who have seen this sort of country—Burton, Palgrave, above all Doughty, whose brilliant opening chapter on the Hadj caravan going from Damascus along the eastern side of the Jordan valley is not to be surpassed.

There are in the appendix curious pictures of the mosaic geographical map found on a floor at Madaba; but the authors tell us nothing of the literature of the subject, nor do they give translations of the late Greek texts, which seem very legible. No doubt they are correct in their belief that Petra is one of the most astonishing places in the world. It is still, we believe, beyond the range of the ordinary Cook's tourist, and in any case it must remain for many a year difficult and expensive of access. A lively personal record of so exceptional a visit cannot but be welcome to the many to whom such adventures must remain a matter of books. We therefore anticipate a wide popularity for Messrs. Libbey and Hoskins's book. It is unfortunately printed on that heavy glazed paper which may be convenient for reproducing pictures, but is both fatiguing to hold up, and very unpleasant for reading at night. It is a great pity that such material should not be confined to full-page illustrations. We have often made this protest, but in vain; so also we cannot reconcile ourselves to the disappearance of the good old word *place*, for which the present authors persistently substitute *location*.

At the Gates of the East. By Lieut.-Col. J. P. Barry. (Longmans & Co.)—The author of this lively book is a medical colonel and an Irishman. Its main object, beyond the intense pleasure it must have given the author himself, is to instruct old Indian civil servants in the best ways of employing that leisure which seems to hang heavily on them when they return to Europe. It will be somewhat of a surprise to the ordinary reader that, of all the places Col. Barry has studied as health resorts, Innsbruck strikes him as the best. He does not tell us what intellectual pleasures that city affords; but we presume his opinion on the climate and material comforts of the place is that of an expert, and therefore to be trusted. He makes several tours from Trieste as a centre, and tells us about various parts of the Mediterranean where the Austrian Lloyd Company plies. There are some pretty photographs throughout the book, especially those of the Dalmatian coast; and he has the good sense to put marks of quantity on such names as Cattaro, Sebenico, and Quarnero, which are often mispronounced. A book written in letters to a newspaper, and embracing Athens, Constantinople, Vienna, and Cairo among capitals, Greece and the Balkan lands for its *paysages*, could hardly be anything but superficial. We cannot reasonably complain so far. But when the author becomes eloquent or sentimental, as he often does, he is apt to show imperfect knowledge, and make statements which jar on the educated reader. When he speaks of 'Cosi fan Tutti' as an *aria*, of the "frenzied Bacchanals of the Eleusinia," of Verdi as "unsparing to his sopranos," of the use of donkeys by

everybody at Cairo, of the railway "ploughing its course among the ruined fanes of Delphi," of the Isthmian wall that was a rampart during interminable wars in Greece, of the heroes of the Trojan war flocking to Epi-daurus as a fashionable resort (he ought to know that this place was in late days the Lourdes of Greece, and was not in favour with his professional ancestors, the great school of Cos), of "a British admiral ending the Greek War of Liberation by kicking the Grand Turk into the sea at Navarino," of the 'Hermes' of Praxiteles "retaining its original polish," our judgment is surely more than justified. Yet notwithstanding such things, the book is pleasant and often instructive.

Mr. Oscar T. Crosby is a retired engineer officer of the United States army, who in the latter half of 1903 accomplished a journey across Russian and Chinese Turkestan into Ladakh, Kashmir, and India. On the way he penetrated into the districts of Western Tibet, but, like Capt. Rawling, he failed to reach Rudok. The narrative of his journey is entitled *Tibet and Turkistan* (Putnam's Sons); but as he did not really visit Tibet, except a very limited portion of its extreme western fringe, it might have been better to give the volume a different title. We cannot rate Mr. Crosby's book high, although we can readily understand that it may be useful and informing to the American reader, who is under no compulsion to make himself acquainted with every book that appears on the subject of Tibet. Somebody claims on Mr. Crosby's behalf that he is the only English-speaking traveller from whom "an independent discussion" of the Tibetan question can be expected. This pretension is rather a "tall order," to use an Americanism, and the discussion of the Tibetan campaign and treaty in the last few chapters does not add anything to our knowledge. The progress of events has played havoc with some of Mr. Crosby's predictions. What he calls "the rape of Tibet" does not seem to have produced "that fear of us in Tibetan hearts" on which he descants at considerable length; and the visit of the Tashi Lama to India is not the only refutation that could be brought forward of the author's slightly alarmist and pessimistic theories. We notice some historical slips, such as the treaty of Canton in place of Nanking, and a statement that "the Jammu Maharajah was once the enemy of the British." Jammu and Kashmir were sold to the first Maharajah, Gholab Singh, in 1846 by the British, as a reward for his loyalty in the first Sikh war. As the book is likely to be widely read in the United States, it is to be hoped that the author's insinuations about our policy and future plans in Tibet constituting a violation of the principle of "the integrity of China" will not be accepted as gospel. Mr. Crosby does not seem to be aware that the suzerainty of China over Tibet has been formally accepted by the Government of India.

The Eleven Eaglets of the West. By Paul Fountain. (John Murray.) — What Mr. Fountain calls the "Eaglets of the West" are the States or Territories of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Nevada. His book is the record of several journeys made by him in the days when the Wild West was, with a few exceptions, still a wilderness. He travelled with a strong party, and was usually, if not always, accompanied by a waggon, which, with infinite labour and astonishing success, was dragged through forests, over rocky heights, and across sandy deserts. Appa-

rently his ostensible, if not his real object was that of trading with the Indians and the pioneer white settlers. Mr. Fountain is evidently a keen and intelligent observer, with an enthusiastic love of the wilderness, and a wholesome dislike of the "sportsmen" who have ruthlessly massacred the wild animals of the West. He tells the story of his adventures in a simple, straightforward way, but the conclusions which he sometimes draws from them are not altogether convincing. He disbelieves wholly in the Darwinian theory, and asserts that "animals occupy the habitats to which they were originally appointed by their Creator." He tells us that "hibernation is not sleep," but that it is "a state of temporary death." He does not conceal his contempt for "professional naturalists," for the reason that he has had "proof that many of the most widely accepted of their doctrines are of no real value." Mr. Fountain holds that "civilization is all very well in its place, but half a man's life should be spent hunting." Assertions such as these certainly do not add to the value of the book, while they throw a strong light on the temperament of the author. He has a genuine love of Nature, and in view of the life he has led it is not strange that he should be somewhat intolerant of men who have studied Nature in books instead of in the open air, and have written in well-appointed libraries instead of windy and rain-beaten tents. Doubtless "professional naturalists" are fallible, but their mistakes are probably few, and small in comparison with the mistakes made by men who rely solely on their own observations, and then draw from them conclusions that are not to be trusted. But the faults of Mr. Fountain's book cannot detract seriously from its value. Many who have felt the fascination of the wilderness will find in him a sympathetic companion. 'The Eleven Eaglets of the West' will have permanent interest as an account of the extreme West as it was forty years ago.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

To the making of Stevensoniana there is no end. Every one who visited Samoa during Stevenson's sojourn in the islands seems qualified to write a book, and desirous of doing so. Books are produced on Stevenson's genius, on his influence, and on his religion. They are a testimony to the value of the man as a factor in modern letters, but are becoming a little tiresome. It would perhaps have seemed that a contribution by the novelist's mother to such ana might fall outside the scope of this criticism; but there is no particular justification for the issue of *Letters from Samoa, 1891-1895* (Methuen), being Mrs. M. I. Stevenson's correspondence with her friends during those years. The volume has been edited by Miss Marie Clothilde Balfour, and the letters were apparently addressed to Mrs. Jane Whyte Balfour, who dedicates them to Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. It is all a family affair, in which the public is not called upon to intermeddle. Had the letters contained anything noteworthy, either for its own sake, or as illustrative of Stevenson's character or genius, they would have been welcome. But the volume is merely an amiable record of the doings of the family, and of events of interest to it in the South seas. What, for instance, can be the public value of such passages (and they are numerous) as this?

"Well, the cavalcade returned in triumph on the afternoon of the 6th, bringing G— with them. We are all delighted with him, &c."

No doubt it was interesting to the writer, and probably to the recipient; and G—'s sympathies would obviously be enlisted. But there is no reason for its intrusion on the public in bold print. The one thing to which a reader would turn with curiosity would be the account of Stevenson's death; but these letters shed no new light on that untimely ending. Stevenson, indeed, as a public character, has been squeezed dry, unless Mr. Colvin has something in reserve for us. Stevenson as a man of letters, on the other hand, is of abiding interest.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her Letters. By Percy Lubbock. (Smith, Elder & Co.) — In view of the recent centenary of the birth of Mrs. Browning, the appearance of this volume is timely and welcome. The story of her life, the long seclusion enforced by ill-health yet rendered tolerable by an early and full measure of literary fame—culminating in the delightful romance of middle age and the succeeding years of scarce-looked-for happiness, must always have its appeal, if only for the winning and essentially feminine personality of its heroine. Mr. Lubbock has done his work of arrangement and comment skilfully and judiciously. Where he has occasion to touch on Mrs. Browning's poetry, he is, on the whole, fair and discriminative; he deals indulgently with those enthusiasms, or rather crazes—for liberty as personified in Louis Napoleon, and for spiritualism—which came to her in later life; while he stoutly combats the idea that the latter ever raised the shadow of a cloud between the husband and wife, despite their widely divergent views. This divergence, be it noted, receives fresh illustration here in two letters, hitherto unpublished, to Miss de Gaudron—one from Mrs. Browning, the other (an enclosure, and in the third person) from Robert Browning. They have reference to a séance at the house of a friend where D. D. Home or Hume seems to have been the medium; and Mrs. Browning's earnest, if cautious expression of belief finds an almost humorous contrast in the characteristic words of her husband:—

"Mr. Browning had some difficulty in keeping from an offensive expression of his feelings at Mr. —'s—he has since seen Mr. Hume and relieved himself."

Though some may cavil at opinions expressed by Mr. Lubbock here and there, as, for instance, at his estimate of the relative merits of 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' and 'The Dead Pan,' he has been eminently successful in weaving the letters into a charming and sympathetic biography.

The new edition of Sir Henry Maine's *Ancient Law*, which Mr. Murray has brought out under the editorship of Sir Frederick Pollock, is likely to remain definitive for a good many years. His qualifications to state the present position of the many controversies raised by Maine's great work will be universally recognized. He sums up everywhere with knowledge and force, and, what is better, with brevity. Students, indeed, cannot hope to find within the limits of a note the whole material for a judgment on the vexed questions of "Patria Potestas" and "Female Kinship"; but the average reader will learn a great deal—in fact, quite as much as he wants to know—from the excellent survey supplied. Examination candidates—and they are, alas! the bulk of Maine's readers—will perforce read this edition. Its price will further recommend it. The Introduction seems a little inadequate. Probably this is due to the need of being brief; but a more elaborate study of Maine's position among historians would not have been out of place.

MR. A. L. HUMPHREYS publishes in a convenient red volume, which recalls that of Mr. Chamberlain, but is somewhat larger, Mr. Winston Churchill's speeches on the fiscal question, collected under the title *For Free Trade*.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & CO. publish *With Mounted Infantry in Tibet*, by Major Ottley, whose services in connexion with the specially formed force of Indian troops are well known. The book is pleasant reading, and illustrated by excellent photographs which have high interest ; but there is nothing in the text which calls for detailed notice.

New Egypt. By A. B. de Guerville.—M. de Guerville is, we take it, a Frenchman of the modern type, which takes to travelling as a duck takes to water, and we see that his last book was published in Paris and dealt with Japan. Hence we were prepared, even without the hint in the Introduction, for a book of "impressions," and we are bound to say that we are not disappointed. Yet M. de Guerville's handsome volume differs in some points from the usual "globe-trotter's" book. In the first place, it is extremely well illustrated by photographs, some of which possess a high degree of artistic merit, while all are chosen with instinctive taste. Again, the author, not having the fear of Mrs. Grundy before his eyes, touches upon some matters which an Englishman would not have referred to, and we are given a full dose of all the scandal he could pick up in a country thronged with tourists who have plenty of time to talk scandal from morning to night. Whether the gossip he retails is always well founded the author has apparently not troubled to inquire ; and in the matter of the fascination exercised by the native dragoman over his fair clients from America and Europe we should imagine that M. de Guerville has let his imagination run away with him. Yet the result is certainly a very entertaining book, which no one who concerns himself with things Egyptian can afford to pass by.

Graver matters, moreover, are by no means neglected by him. By steadily interviewing all the native officials he came across, from the Khedive downward, he succeeded in getting together something like a consensus of opinion on a subject about which Englishmen are never likely to hear the truth directly : to wit, the way in which the Egyptian regards our occupation of his country. M. de Guerville is by no means an Anglophil, and quotes with some pleasure the remark of a well-known Egyptian prince as to the "boorishness, lack of tact, and coarseness" of the English in Egypt. He publishes, too, in full what he calls the political testament of the late Grand Mufti, wherein much is said about the necessity of reforming the administration and of the English mistrust of native officials. But on the whole he seems willing to admit that we remain in Egypt for Egypt's good, and the worst that he can find to say of us is that when the time comes for Lord Cromer to leave, we shall have great difficulty in finding any one so firm and capable to fill his place. Our author tells us that the Khedive, at first inclined to resent our control, is now quite satisfied to be "protected," and that it is the opinion of all highly placed Egyptians that the country is by no means yet fitted for autonomous government. He even has a word to say in defence of the late sale of the Daira Sanieh estates to Sir Ernest Cassel and his friends, for six and a quarter millions, and pleads that the cent per cent that they admittedly made by the resale was legitimately earned by them. Nor does he seem to bear us any grudge on account of Fashoda, which he visited ; he notes that, out of

respect for French susceptibilities, it has been renamed Kodok.

The book is written for the most part in easy and excellent English, but there are a great many misspelt words, such as "Aukland" for Auckland, "Quibbell" for Quibell, "Washiwara" for Yoshiwara, "Deodorus" for Diodorus, and "Bubastes" for Bubastis. "Côte d'Azure" and the mosque "El Azar" are probably mere misprints, but there is one very bad "and which."

We cannot compliment Mr. J. H. Hubback on the propriety of the title, *Jane Austen's Sailor Brothers* (John Lane), which he has given to his book. There is a lack of the sense of proportion in presenting a sketch of Jane Austen in an elaborate frame of blue and gold of this nature ; and, after all, flag officers are flag officers, and an admiral of the fleet is an admiral of the fleet, whose true function is not to frame the portrait of any novelist, however distinguished. The thing is a laboured illustration of the ornamental by the useful, and contains more of the novelist's published works than of the seamen's unpublished papers. As it is, we have little more of Sir Francis Austen than is to be found in the "Dictionary of National Biography" ; and, as is not infrequently the case with biographies of sailors written by relatives, there are frequent slips in respect of technicalities. And there is constant use of the phrase "on a ship"—which, inadmissible in the Royal Navy at the present day, would not have pleased Sir Francis Austen, nor, possibly, Jane herself—whose accuracy of detail was the accuracy of miniature. If Mr. Hubback's account of the condition of affairs on the American station about 1808, when Charles Austen knew it, is fairly accurate, the same can hardly be said of his picture of punishments in the Royal Navy ten years earlier. This is invalidated by his failure to connect the mutinies with the United Irish movement, and by his quaint belief that a close military blockade of an enemy's port marked a period of "inaction" for the crews of the ships concerned.

One or two minor points from Sir Francis Austen's letters are worth noting, as, for instance, when, in speaking of Trafalgar, he says, "The irregular mass in which our ships bore down to the attack prevented their [i.e. the French] counting them, so that till the action was closed the French admiral did not discover how great a force he had encountered." This is a novel point, and not without bearing on the recent controversy. It is, of course, true that Sir Francis Austen was not in the battle ; but he had been presented to Villeneuve on board the Euryalus only the day before he penned the sentence. It is therefore allowable to suppose that he is giving the sense of the actual words of Villeneuve, or, at least, of the French officers he had conversed with. It is also not a little curious to find that in the West Indies campaign of 1806 the Superb, which a few months before had been so great a drag in Nelson's pursuit of Villeneuve, was the crack sailing ship of the squadron, while the Canopus, known previously as a very fine ship, was the slug. So great in those days was the importance of docking.

The Life of Sir Richard Burton, 2 vols., by Thomas Wright (Everett), belongs to popular, anecdotal biography. The author's part in this work is that of a persistent and successful collector, displaying with exultation the results of his labours. Burton's travels—the main interest of his career—are slightly treated ; the point of certain episodes (that concerning the relief of Kars, for example, and some

incidents in Mr. Wright's inadequate chapter on the residence at Damascus, a city which, by the way, he embosoms in non-existent palm-trees) is lost, in his haste to arrive at a period—the dispirited and failing close of the life—about which he has been furnished with information, much of it mere chit-chat. He exaggerates the importance, in a biography of Burton, of the reputed translation of 'A Thousand Nights and a Night.' It is obviously right that Mr. John Payne should be reinvested with the honour for this rendering which belongs to him. But the literary world in general, and Mr. Payne in particular, could well have dispensed with the flourish of trumpets here made. In fact, Mr. Wright's ideas of taste differ so widely from our own that we cannot view his work with pleasure.

History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia (formerly New Caledonia). By the Rev. A. J. Morice, O.M.I. (John Lane).—By "New Caledonia" the author of this work does not mean, as his title would suggest, the present province of British Columbia, but a restricted region, extending from 51° 30' to 57° N. latitude, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Cascade Range. As regards its northern and western boundaries this restriction is purely arbitrary ; for the term "New Caledonia," which properly belongs to a Melanesian island, was only employed, as an American geographical name, by the fur-trading companies before 1858 ; and these traders would certainly have considered that their monopoly extended to the western coast, and beyond the 60th parallel to the north. But Mr. Morice complicates the matter still further by saying that New Caledonia is "the region peopled by the Western 'Déné' [usually written Dhiné or Tinné] Indians." He thus substitutes an ethnographical for a geographical limit ; but unfortunately the two are by no means coterminous. The majority of this family live further to the north, in the Selkirk and Cassiar districts, and some as far south as Oregon ; while the tribes whose history he sets himself to relate (together with that of the fur-traders' settlements) are now, from their continuous decrease in numbers, but a small section of the existing family. Mr. Morice has lived for some years among these Indians, and his chapters upon their customs, and their perpetual feuds in the century before the advent of the traders, are of considerable value. But the greater part of the book deals with the annals of the companies and their relations with the natives ; and since he has had access to the unpublished journals of the more central "forts," we are surprised that he has not managed to make his narrative more interesting. Perhaps these journals contain less thrilling matter than might be supposed ; they certainly show that isolation has a tendency to degrade some men below the level of their surroundings. Mr. Morice has a propensity for correcting, in the text as well as in frequent notes, the most minute errors of earlier writers ; and this tedious habit, combined with a strange blindness to the natural beauties of the country, has made his book dull. The Hudson's Bay Company has in recent years found more than one competent historian ; and the account of its proceedings in "New Caledonia" is but an episode of the whole. In his animadversions upon Dr. Bryce's history of the Company Mr. Morice says, very truly, that "personal prejudices and religious bias should never be allowed to influence a serious historian." What, then, are we to say of his own statement that "to this day there has never been a Protestant Indian within

the limits of New Caledonia"? We have seen that those limits are of the vaguest kind; but has Mr. Morice never heard that there has been for nearly forty years an Anglican diocese of Caledonia? In 1886 that diocese contained 899 native Christians and catechumens, and since that time several new stations have been opened with success. It is true that most of these Indians are in the north and west; but they include a number of the "Déne" family belonging to the Skeena and Stikine region. The book contains some good portraits of Indians and traders; but the map, which includes the coast district, has evidently been drawn by an unpractised hand.

WE are pleased to see that *The Brass Bottle* has reached a fourth impression and been added to Messrs. Smith & Elder's "Waterloo Library." It is an excellent extravaganza of the kind which F. Anstey does better than anybody else.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE are making a most spirited bid for public favour with their "New Universal Library," which continues to be interesting to the scholar as well as the ordinary man. Their latest enterprise is a blue leather binding, which is handsome yet wonderfully cheap. This is a form and colour for which we have already expressed our particular regard, and Whitman's *Specimen Days* in America, Macaulay's *Essays* (Literary), Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Bulfinch's *The Age of Fable*, and Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, which we select to show the range of the Library, are very attractive in this neat style, while they are small enough to be slipped into any traveller's knapsack or pocket. Reynolds's *Discourses on Art* and Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp* are further additions to the same series.

THE same firm send us some additions of interest to "The Muses' Library," which has reached some byways of poetry unduly neglected to-day: *The Poetical Works of Clough*, with memoir by F. T. Palgrave; *Poems by Jean Ingelow*; *Lyra Germanica*, translated by Catherine Winkworth; and *Chatterton*, 2 vols., edited by H. D. Roberts, who has brought a good deal of careful work to bear on the poet's text and bibliography.

FOR the holidays we can strongly recommend *Orley Farm* and *The Small House at Allington*, which each occupy two volumes in Mr. Lane's "New Pocket Library." The type and paper of this series are excellent, and it is as handy in form as any we know.

Tristram Shandy, and A Sentimental Journey, make a new volume in Messrs. Hutchinson's series of "Classic Novels," which has been generally and justly recognized as an excellent achievement. We have illustrations by Cruikshank, a few notes, and other aids to the understanding of Sterne's desultory masterpieces.

AN interesting little note, introducing a sixpenny edition of Farrar's *Life of Christ* (Cassell & Co.), has been written by the Bishop of London, who was under Farrar at Marlborough. The famous book is likely to have a very wide sale in this form, and certainly offers a great deal of reading at a sum within the reach of everybody who reads at all.

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Brown (C.), *The Letters of Christ*, 1/6 net.
Church Quarterly Review, April, 6/-
Critical Questions, Sermons by Rev. A. F. Kirkpatrick, Rev. A. Robertson, and others, 3/- net.

Farrar (Dean), *The Life of Christ*, 6d. net.
Hankey (W. B.), *Holy Week Addresses*, 1/- net.
Hibbert Journal, Vol. IV., No. 3, 2/-
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French Art from Watteau to Prud'hon, edited by J. J. Foster, Vol. I., Edition de Luxe, 25/- net.
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Bibliography.

Books, Tracts, &c., printed in Dublin in the Seventeenth Century, compiled by E. B. McC. Dix, Part IV., 2/-

Browne (E. G.), *A Hand-List of the Turkish and other Books presented by Mrs. E. J. W. Gibb to the Cambridge University Library*, 5/- net.

History and Biography.

Barton Church and School: their Origin and Early Years, by C. J., 16mo, 1/-.

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Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada for 1905, edited by G. M. Wrong and H. H. Langton.

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* All Books received at the Office up to Wednesday Morning will be included in this List unless previously noted. Publishers are requested to state prices when sending Books.

THE AUTHOR OF THE FRENCH ORIGINAL OF WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH'S 'PARZIVAL.'

I HASTEN to call the attention of English students to a remarkable article by Dr. Paul Hagen (*Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie*, vol. xxxviii. parts 1, 2), early communication of which I owe to the author's kindness. Dr. Hagen claims to have solved the problem of the authorship of the lost French poem adapted (or, as Dr. Hagen urges, faithfully translated) by Wolfram von Eschenbach in his 'Parzival.' His solution should be of deep interest to Englishmen, tending, as it does, to show that the poem was written in England by Philip, Bishop of Durham, the trusted companion and agent of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Dr. Hagen's starting point is the well-known passage ('Parzival' 496, 15-21, 498, 20-499, 10—Book IX. ll. 1070-1122 in Miss Weston's translation) in which Trevrezent, the hermit uncle of Parzival, recounts his experiences in Styria. Miss Weston's note on the passage may be quoted as exhibiting the views of previous commentators:—

"The derivation of Gandein from a Styrian town is very curious. Whether the name was in Wolfram's source or not, we cannot decide, but the connection can only have been introduced by the German poet."

Dr. Hagen maintains, on the contrary, that the connection cannot have been introduced by Wolfram, whose knowledge of Styria could not be of the minute first-hand nature disclosed by the passage. How, then, does a Provençal—as Wolfram's authority was, according to his repeated statements—come to be better informed about Styria than the Bavarian Wolfram?

In 1192 Richard, returning from the Holy Land, landed between Aquileia and Venice, and after many adventures was captured by the Duke of Austria's emissaries near Vienna. Our chief sources of knowledge for these events are the letter of the Emperor Henry VI. to Philip Augustus, giving the German version, and Ralph of Coggeshall's account, resting on the personal information of Anselm, Richard's chaplain and companion, giving the English version. We learn from the former that Count Meinhard of Görz captured eight of Richard's followers; that, the king having escaped, Meinhard proceeded to Frisach, where Fridericus de Betesowe (Friedrich von Pettau) detained six more of his suite, Richard himself escaping with Guillaume de l'Estang, and, after riding night and day for three days, falling into Leopold's hands. Among Richard's followers was "magister Philippus, clericus regis," born at Poitou (i.e., on the borders of the Provengal speech district), who passed his whole life in the service of the Angevin kings, and who died Bishop of Durham. According to Dr. Hagen, he was one of the party captured by Frederick of Pettau whilst covering Richard's escape. Frederick, an official of the Archbishop of Salzburg, would probably adopt the same mediatory attitude as his superior, and Richard's followers might

count upon fair treatment. On the journey, which for Philip ended at Pettau, and during his stay as Frederick's captive, he would become familiar with the places cited in Trevrezent's account of his wanderings—with Mount Rohas, Celli, and Gandein, the town which

. . . lieth near the river, where Graien and Drave they meet,
And the waters, I ween, are golden.

The whole episode, which has puzzled all commentators, would thus be a veiled reference by the author, speaking as the wise and knightly Trevrezent, to what he doubtless looked back upon as the most dramatic and satisfactory incident in his brilliant and varied career, the part taken by him in the self-sacrificing defence of his lord; "mich dühle ich het da wol gestritten" is Trevrezent's proud avowal.

Dr. Hagen's theory would account for much. It is generally admitted, thanks largely to Miss Weston, that the 'Parzival' is a definite glorification of the house of Anjou, and Philip was one of its most devoted adherents. The wide range of knowledge and of intellectual interests displayed in the 'Parzival,' which has seemed so surprising in the case of the unlettered and untravelled Bavarian knight, becomes explicable if the authorship is attributed to the lifelong companion of the most famous king of the time, to the pilgrim to Jerusalem and Compostella, to the brilliant diplomatist who represented Richard at the Imperial election of 1198, and who was equally familiar with Scotland and South Wales, and thus came into contact with living sources of Celtic tradition.

I have said enough, I trust, to arouse the interest of those whose knowledge of twelfth-century history enables them to examine Dr. Hagen's article, and to ensure for it critical scrutiny at the hands of English experts.

ALFRED NUTT.

'WITH THE COSSACKS.'

10, Malo-Konyushennaya Ulitsa, St. Petersburg,
March 20th, 1906.

In your review of my book 'With the Cossacks' (Eveline Nash) on March 10th you say:—

"We note the fact that he [myself] must have been able to convey to the Japanese Consulate at Chifu, to which he went straight from the first battles off Port Arthur, valuable information for the use of the Japanese Government."

As this might lead some of your readers to imagine that, visiting the Japanese Consulate at Chifu, on the occasion in question, I was guilty of tactlessness, if not of treachery, I should like, with your kind permission, to explain this incident a little more fully. When I reached Chifu on the night of February 8th, 1904, I met there Mr. George Denny, of the Associated Press, and Mr. Ernest Brindle, of the *Daily Mail*, both of whom are at present in London and able to confirm my statements. These correspondents had been residing for some time in Chifu, and had been in the habit of going to all the Consulates daily to see if they could pick up any information; and, as soon as I met them, they told me that they were about to ask Mr. Midzuno if he had had any news, and invited me to come along with them. Being a correspondent, not a Minister-Plenipotentiary, I at once went, and we got some valuable explanations from Commander Mori. Commander Mori did not, however, get from me any information which could do the Russians harm. Messrs. Brindle and Denny, who were in my company all the time, can bear me out in this statement.

I afterwards went to the Russian and English Consulates. The Japanese Consulate was, however, by far the most important place to visit. A gunboat from Admiral Togo's fleet was expected to bring information to it after nightfall; that information might be to the effect that the whole Russian fleet had been destroyed. Would it not have been acting rather unfairly to my paper, and taking myself rather too seriously, if I had refrained from visiting the Japanese Consul?

FRANCIS McCULLAGH.

THE ASLOAN MS.

64, Crowndale Road, N.W., March 29th, 1906.

MAY I be allowed the favour of your columns to make inquiry regarding the present location of the well-known Asloan MS.? It will be remembered that this is the earliest of the manuscript collections of Middle Scots poetry, antedating the Banbury MS. by probably more than sixty years. Some twelve or thirteen years ago, I understand, it was for a short time deposited on loan at the British Museum; but I have not been able to ascertain for whom, or for what purpose. At the present time the Scottish Text Society has in hand an edition of the poems of Robert Henryson, which will be issued probably in the autumn of this year. The Asloan MS. contains the earliest known version of Henryson's 'Orpheus and Euridices,' besides a copy of the 'Uplandis Mous' and the Borrows Toun Mous.' A transcription of the latter piece was made by Chalmers, and is among his manuscripts now in the Edinburgh University Library; but I am not aware of any copy having been made of the 'Orpheus.'

In any case, it is desirable, in the interests of Scottish literature, that access should now be had to the Asloan MS. itself; and as I have been for some time assisting in gathering the materials for the forthcoming edition of Henryson, I venture to appeal to any of your readers who may have information to communicate regarding the present whereabouts of the manuscript, and as to the best means of getting access to it.

GEORGE STEVENSON.

SPRING PUBLISHING SEASON.

MR. JOHN LONG

announces in Fiction: Aynsley's Case, by G. M. Fenn,—Traitor and True, by J. Bloundelle-Burton,—The Face of Juliet, The Heart of Helen, and From the Hand of the Hunter, all by L. T. Meade,—The Sins of Seraphine, by Mrs. C. Kernahan,—Martha Rose, Teacher, by Miss Betham-Edwards,—Her Highness, by F. Whishaw,—The Cattle Baron's Daughter, by Harold Bindloss,—The Real Mrs. Daybrook, by Florence Warden,—Soul-Twilight and Love and the King, by Lucas Cleave,—The Arrow of the North and The Mistress of Aydon, by R. H. Forster,—A Veneered Scamp, by Jean Middlemass,—Lady Marion and the Plutocrat, by Lady Helen Forbes,—Love, with Variations, by A. M. Diehl,—The Bracebridges and The Girls of Inverbarns, by Sarah Tytler,—A Miner in Petticoats, by Curtis Yorke,—The Portals of Love, by V. Tweedale,—Under One Flag, by Richard Marsh,—Phoebe of the White Farm, by May Cremmelin,—An Independent Maiden, by Adeline Sergeant,—A Beggar on Horseback, by S. R. Keightley,—The Alluring Flame, by J. E. Muddock,—The Ingenious Captain Cobbs, by G. W. Appleton,—The Greenstone, by Alan St. Aubyn,—The Little Gate of Tears, by Austin Clare,—A Persian Roseleaf, by Lieut.-Col. A. Haggard,—The Unguarded Taper, by Helen P. Lewis,—The Horse and the Maid, by Arthur Cowden,—Savile Gilchrist,

M.D., by H. M. Nightingale,—Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, by Hubert Wales,—The Brangwyn Mystery, by David Christie Murray,—In the Shadow of the Purple, the Life History of Mrs. Fitzherbert, by George Gilbert, a new edition with a rare portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert,—and Wilhelmina in London, by Barry Pain.

Nat Gould's Novels: The Lady Trainer, A Straight Goer, A Hundred-to-One Chance, A Racing Squatter, Charger and Chaser.

New editions in the Haymarket Novels and Six-penny Novels: The Other Mrs. Jacobs, by Mrs. Campbell Praed,—A Jilt's Journal, by Rita,—The Indiscretion of Gladys, by Lucas Cleeve,—Partners Three, by May Crommelin,—and many other popular novels.

General Literature: The Confessions of a Princess,—A Book of the Cevennes, by S. Baring-Gould, illustrated,—The Racehorse, Training and Management, by a Trainer, with numerous illustrations,—and Love Knows and Waits, and other Poems, by H. L. Childe-Pemberton.

In the Carlton Classics: Sonnets and Poems, by Spenser,—Essays, by Addison,—His Book, by Artemus Ward,—The Dunciad, and other Poems, by Pope,—Thackeray's English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century,—and The Jumping Frog, and other Sketches, by Mark Twain.

THE WALTER SCOTT COMPANY
have in hand in Fiction and General Literature: Concealment, by Anne Beale,—A Girl of the Regiment, by Jaymack,—Cain's Wife, by B. C. Blake,—Tara Bulba, by Gogol, translated by B. C. Baskerville,—Cricketer's Birthday Book, by T. B. Trowsdale, illustrated,—Tragic and Comic in a Parson's Life, by the Rev. F. Hastings, illustrated,—How to Fence, by M. Grandière, illustrated,—In the Days of Chaucer, by T. Jenks,—new editions of Ibsen's The Lady from the Sea, and Rosmersholm,—The Story of the Oxford Movement, with Introduction by W. G. Hutchison, and Hume's Essays, with Introduction by W. B. Robertson, in the "Scott Library,"—Poems by Baudelaire, edited by F. P. Sturm, and many other books in the "Canterbury Poets,"—and Dainty Dinner Tables and How to Decorate Them, by Mrs. Praga.

In Political Economy and Science: In the "Contemporary Science" Series, The Evolution of Modern Capitalism, by J. A. Hobson, Apparitions and Thought-Transference, by F. Podmore, and Hypnotism, by Dr. A. Moll, translated by A. F. Hopkirk,—Foundations of Political Economy, by W. B. Robertson,—and Diet and Hygiene for Infants, by Dr. F. H. Alderson.

In Art and Music: Guido Reni: his Life and Works, by D. R. Meyrick, with numerous reproductions,—The Life and Works of Henry Moore, R.A., by F. J. Maclean,—Life and Works of Lord Leighton, by E. Staley,—The Story of Organ Music, by C. F. Abdy Williams,—and The Story of English Music, by various authorities.

SALES.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE sold last week the following important books and MSS.: Dr. John Brown's Rab and his Friends, original autograph MS., 40*l.* Pilgrim's Progress, fourth edition, with portrait, 1680, 10*l.* Burns's song 'To Mary in Heaven,' autograph MS., 152*l.* French Costumes of the Nineteenth Century, 240 drawings, 46*l.* Robinson Crusoe, first edition, 2 vols., 1719, 100*l.* Horae on vellum, MS. (French-Flemish), 18 miniatures, fifteenth century, 56*l.*; another, French, 14 miniatures, 40*l.* Keats's Endymion, first edition, original boards, uncut, 1819, 58*l.* S. Daniell's Poetical Essays, 1599, 35*l.* 10*s.* John Eliot's North American Indian Bible, second edition, Cambridge (Mass.), 1683, 80*l.* Dante, Venetia, 1477, 9*l.* 15*s.* A parchment roll of Private Prayers from the Sarum Breviary, fifteenth century, 62*l.* Holtorp's Typographical and Xylographical Collections, 762*l.* Pope's Correspondence with Bathurst (8 autograph letters), 55*l.* Original MSS. (8) of Isaac Newton while Master of the Mint, 88*l.* Engravings of Animals by J. P. Ridinger, 150*l.* New Testament (1552), 40*l.* Titus Andronicus, second edition, wanting title, 1611, 10*l.* Anthony Trollope's North America, original autograph MS., 1862, 71*l.* Lord Lilford's British Birds, 46*l.* Gould's Birds of Great Britain, 5 vols., 1873, 49*l.* Official and Secret Dispatches (167) of Lord Bolingbroke on

the Treaty of Utrecht, 1711-13, 15*l.* New Testament (R. Jugge, 1553), 45*l.* Ben Jonson's Latin Bible, 1599, 320*l.* The Napoleon Collection of Letters, MSS., Documents, and Books (121 Lots) realized 283*l.*

Messrs. Hodges included in their sale last week the following: Underhill's Newes from America (a clean copy of this rare work, but wanting the map), 1638, 70*l.* Las Casas, The Spanish Colonie, first English translation, 1583, 39*l.* Mather's Summe of Certain Sermons upon Genesis xv. 6, printed at Cambridge, New-England, 1652, 27*l.* 10*s.* Esquemeling, The Bucaniers of America, 1684, 11*l.* 15*s.* Cranmer's Bible (first title wanting and two leaves defective), 1540, 20*l.* Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, first quarto edition (1680), 11*l.* Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedies and Tragedies, 1647, 56*l.* Bacon's Essays, first complete edition, 1625, 26*l.* Killigrew's Works, 1664, 26*l.* Marvell's Poems, with the rare portrait, 1681, 12*l.* Wycherley's Miscellany Poems, 1704, 12*l.* Paradise Regained, first edition, 1671, 18*l.* Donne's Juvenilia and Poems, in 1 vol., 1633, 13*l.* 15*s.* Braithwaite's Nature's Embassie, 1621, 11*l.* Holland's Herbolologia Anglicana, 1620, 10*l.* 10*s.* Wither's Emblems, 1625, 10*l.* Natura Brevium, with arms of Henry VIII. on sides, 1532, 11*l.* 5*s.* Natural History of Selborne, first edition, boards, uncut, 1789, 26*l.* 10*s.* Scott's Tales of my Landlord, First Series, first edition, 4 vols., boards, uncut, 1816, 10*l.* Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, first edition, 2 vols., 1807, 27*l.* 10*s.* Tristram Shandy, first editions, 9 vols. in 6, 1762, 14*l.* 10*s.* A set of the Palaeographical Society's Publications, in 6 vols., 1873-1903, 25*l.* Royal Society's Transactions, 28 vols., 1886-1905, 16*l.* Historical Records of the British Army, 67 vols., in the original grained morocco bindings, 77*l.*; and a collection of about 100 original drawings of the battle scenes, colours, &c., by Heath and others, used to illustrate the various monographs, 70*l.*

Literary Gossip.

MR. A. C. CURTIS, the author of 'A New Trafalgar,' has written a book called 'The Small Garden Beautiful, and How to Make It So,' which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. will publish, with a coloured frontispiece, sixteen half-tone illustrations, and several plans, next week. The volume gives a practical account—the plans being a special feature—of the laying out of a small garden, and the arrangement and grouping of the flowers in the borders. It also deals with the treatment of the kitchen garden attached to a small house in such a manner as not to impair the beauty of the flower garden.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish before long a volume of 'Economic and Statistical Studies,' by the late Mr. J. Towne Danson. Prof. E. C. K. Gonner is contributing an Introduction; and a brief memoir of Mr. Danson is given by his daughter, Mrs. Norman Hill. The volume will contain many plates showing the variations in the prices of twenty-two important commodities between 1851 and 1890.

The late Mr. Thomas W. Shore, author of 'The History of Hampshire,' left behind him the MS. of an exhaustive work on the 'Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race,' to which he had devoted a great part of his life. It deals principally with the vexed question of the settlement of England and the tribal origin of the English people. The work will be edited by his two sons, and be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly.

ARRANGEMENTS for the publication of 'The Cambridge Medieval History' have now been made by the Syndics of the University Press. The first volume will be published soon after the appearance of the last volume of 'The Cambridge Modern History,' with which it will be generally uniform, and the work will be completed in eight volumes. 'The Cambridge Medieval History' has been planned by Prof. J. B. Bury, and will be edited by Prof. H. M. Gwatkin, Miss M. Bateson, and Mr. G. T. Lapsley.

An addition to Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co.'s Dictionaries of Quotations may be looked for at an early date in the shape of a 'Dictionary of German Quotations,' compiled by L. Dalbiac. Like the other volumes of the series, it contains translations in English of each quotation, and indexes of subjects and authors.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. will publish immediately a translation, by Mr. James Loeb, of 'Euripide et l'Esprit de son Théâtre,' by the late Prof. Paul Decharme, who was formerly Professor of Greek Poetry in the Faculté des Lettres at Paris. The English version has an Introduction by Prof. J. W. White, of Harvard University.

THE death is announced, at the age of eighty-one, of the Rev. Dr. Cunningham Geikie, the well-known writer on Biblical subjects. He was a native of Edinburgh, and had served as a missionary, a preacher, and a parish clergyman at home and abroad. His chief works showed scholarly thought and research, and an extensive acquaintance with German literature. They include 'Hours with the Bible' (10 vols.), 'The Life and Words of Christ,' 'The English Reformation,' 'Landmarks of Old Testament History,' and 'The Vicar and his Friends.' His books dealing with the Holy Land have also enjoyed a large circulation.

At a meeting of the Hawick Town Council held last week it was resolved to offer the freedom of the burgh to Dr. J. A. H. Murray, of the 'New English Dictionary.' The ceremony will take place in September next, when the jubilee of the Hawick Archaeological Society will be celebrated. Of the thirty-four gentlemen who formed the Society fifty years ago, only Dr. Murray, who is a native of the district, remains alive.

THE promoters of the scheme for a Byron statue in Aberdeen have now about 600*l.* in hand for that purpose.

PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE writes from Tel el Yehudiyeh:—

"As an erroneous description of a rare book is strange in *The Athenæum*, allow me to correct what is stated about 'Historical Scarabs' on p. 293. That book does not deal 'only with a few objects made for kings and other great personages,' but it is a complete corpus of all the scarabs with royal and private names that were in the main collections when it was published—over 2,000 in all. As to their being 'chosen to illustrate' my 'own theories of Egyptian history,' there was no choice of materials, as every name-scarab in the great collections was included. Perhaps the present diffi-

culty in obtaining the book has been the cause of such mistaken statements."

A NEW volume entitled 'The Story and Song of Black Roderick,' by Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter), will be published immediately by the De La More Press. This is a story in prose, interspersed with verse, which carries on the tale in ballad form.

MR. WERNER LAURIE has in the press 'The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany,' by Mr. T. Francis Bumpus. There will be ninety illustrations, and descriptions of such little-visited cathedrals and churches as those of Münster, Soest, Paderborn, Hildesheim, Halberstadt, and Erfurt.

IT may be safely said that the late Julian Marshall's collection of book-plates, which Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell on May 28th and three following days, is the most extensive and valuable ever submitted to auction. The catalogue, which has been in hand for about a year, will form a work of reference for the collector second only in value to that of the Franks collection in the British Museum, and Messrs. Sotheby are to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which they have dealt with the enormous number of items. The collection probably comprises at least 50,000 book-plates, and twenty-one lots consist of 500 examples each.

DR. GEORGE BRANDS'S 'Reminiscences of my Childhood and Youth' is shortly to be issued simultaneously in England and America, and will also appear in the original Danish at Copenhagen.

ANOTHER volume of the writings of the Elizabethan antiquary George Owen, of Pembrokeshire, edited by Dr. Henry Owen, will shortly be issued in the "Cymrodorion Record Series." It will contain two tracts of the first importance for the history of legal administration in Wales, namely, 'The Dialogue of the Government of Wales,' written in 1594 and never previously published, and 'A Treatise of Lordship Marchers in Wales,' which is the *locus classicus* on its subject, being well known from the inaccurate transcripts printed in Clive's 'Ludlow' and elsewhere, but now reproduced for the first time from the author's original MS., which is at Llanstephan. The volume will also contain Owen's 'Description of Wales' (1602) from the author's MS. at the Bodleian.

THE Dublin Committee of the Ferguson Memorial Fund have received some 260*l.*, and propose to erect a memorial brass in St. Patrick's Cathedral and found a literary prize (or scholarship, if funds admit) in Trinity College or in the Alexandra College, with which Lady Ferguson was closely connected.

We regret to notice the death of Mr. William Watt, joint editor and one of the proprietors of the Aberdeen *Free Press*. Mr. Watt had made a special study of economic and financial questions, and in 1885 gained the William Newmarch Prize

of 100*l.* for an essay on 'Economic Aspects of Recent Legislation.' He had an extensive knowledge of the history of the northeast of Scotland.

MR. G. M. JONES writes from Salem, Mass. :—

"In *The Athenæum* for March 10th, p. 295, col. 3, lines 30-31, your reviewer suggests the use of 'Carolina, South,' instead of 'South Carolina,' in the index to 'Auction Prices of Books.' South Carolina is a sovereign state with no political connexion with North Carolina, except as they are both members of the United States; and it is just as absurd to write 'Carolina, South,' as it would be to write 'Wales, New South.' This is a minor matter, but it is an illustration of the difficulty English writers find in understanding our American political system. I have read *The Athenæum* for over twenty-five years, and depend upon it almost entirely for reviews of English books. It is because I usually find it well informed that I venture to call your attention to this mistake."

WHAT is probably a unique form of military dictionary is being compiled by Mrs. Constance Oliver Skelton for the New Spalding Club, Aberdeen, in the shape of a complete biographical list of officers of the name of Gordon who have served in the British army. The Gordons have been essentially a military race, so that it is not surprising that Mrs. Skelton has marshalled some 2,000 names, from army lists and other authentic records. It is not often that a woman has undertaken a military work of this character, though the Marchioness of Tullibardine is now engaged on a regimental history.

THE hundred and sixth anniversary of the death of Cowper on April 25th will be the occasion of a meeting of the Cowper Society at Berkhamsted, when papers will be read and recent editions of Cowper referred to.

THE Marchese Vitelleschi, who died last Wednesday, was best known as a politician, but he was also a considerable author on the history of the Papacy.

COMMANDANT MOLTEDO, of the Congoese service, has just published in Brussels a useful vocabulary for travellers and explorers in Central Africa. It is called 'Petit Vocabulaire des Langues Arabes et Ki-Swahili.' The author says that, if Arabic and Ki-Swahili are very far from representing all the dialects spoken on the Congo, a knowledge of them will enable the traveller to cross the African continent without fearing that he may not make himself understood.

THE following Parliamentary Papers have recently appeared: Scotch Education, Minute providing for the Distribution of the General Aid Grant (1*d.*); Report for 1904 on the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Royal Colleges of Science and Art, the Geological Survey and Museum, &c. (1*s.* 4*d.*); Correspondence relating to Elementary Education in Ceylon (6*d.*); Report of the Charity Commissioners for England and Wales (2*d.*); and a Statement of Present Contributions to the Imperial Institute made by the Government of India and by the British Colonies and Protectorates (1*d.*), which

shows that among other small sums collected was 5*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* from the Falkland Islands.

SCIENCE

BOOKS ON BIRDS.

The Birds of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. By J. E. Kelsall and P. W. Munn. (Witherby & Co.)—After a perusal of the prospectus of this book, which is published by subscription, we had anticipated a somewhat more notable contribution to ornithology than has actually been produced. Every naturalist in the county, however, will do well to possess it as a work of reference. The authors have to a certain extent been hampered by the very wealth of material at their disposal. In the course of an unduly prolonged introduction we have a formidable list of authorities consulted; the "copious extracts made from many of them" form by far the greater bulk of the book, while the backbone is admittedly none other than the immortal 'Natural History of Selborne.' We are inclined to regard this as an error of judgment. Again, it is merely irritating that scientific observations should be garnished with truisms from the poets, such as

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast.

Some of the passages transcribed so freely from Gilbert White's pages would be improved by a timely gloss; for instance, the "particular anecdote" to the effect that the fieldfare always appears to roost on the ground (contrary to what might be expected from its general habits) is quoted without comment, whereas it certainly resorts to bushes as well. The record of an extraordinary visitation of these birds is taken from Col. Hawker's diary for February 2nd, 1831. An army of gunners was busy from morning till night, for, curiously enough, the fieldfares, "though tamer than sparrows, yet were as fat as butter"; on the morrow, the snow changing to rain, every bird had disappeared. Mr. Kelsall contributes what may well be a bit of genuine folk-lore. "It was told me at Hurstbourne," he writes, "that when the yellowhammer sings 'A little bit of bread and no cheese,' the chaffinch replies, 'I haven't had a bit of bread and cheese this fine year.'"

Among the illustrations the most noteworthy are the admirable photographs from life of the rare Dartford warbler, still happily a distinctive Hampshire resident in certain undisturbed localities. Its general attitudes as represented here and the aggressive poise of the long tail are curiously suggestive of the local name, "French blackbird." We note that the authors, in common with Mr. Meade Waldo, give credence to the numerous reported occurrences of "March cuckoos" in the year 1894.

There are three singular coincidences of bird life which, as related in these pages, certainly give food for thought. The first concerns the curious behaviour of goldcrests. "For some years past," says Mr. Munn, "a pair have visited, several times a day, in the spring, the windows of one of the rooms of my house at Laverstock, perching on the flowers in the flower-boxes, clinging to the sides of the window-frames, or hovering in front of the glass; this visitation is continued for about a week, and they appear to be endeavouring to reach the neighbouring shrubs reflected in the glass."

Then Gilbert White's observation that sand-martins nested in the holes of the back wall

of William of Wykeham's stables at Bishop's Waltham in 1774 is found to be equally true at the present day. The third passage to which we refer, dealing with the rare appearance of the beautiful hoopoe, must be quoted in full. Mr. Gibb, living at Christchurch,

"saw a hoopoe in his garden on several occasions in the summer of 1895, and the bird appeared to be feeding upon a strange kind of ant which was swarming at the time. He sent specimens of the ant to the late Miss Ormerod, the well-known authority on noxious insects, who replied as follows: 'Your black ants appear to be *Formica fuliginosa*. I only twice met with this kind in my father's woods in Gloucestershire, and both times, curiously enough, one of my brothers, who had a great fondness for ornithology, saw the hoopoe !'"

Mr. Gibb's house is close to Wilverley Forest Lodge, a place frequented by hoopoes, according to Wise, in 1861.

It is a remarkable fact that in the woods of the New Forest rookeries are almost unknown, a new colony in 1902 at Rowhill Bushes causing great astonishment to the oldest inhabitant. The New Forest has another claim to distinction in that it is the happy privilege of those living there to be able to walk for a whole day without seeing a house-sparrow, provided always that they avoid a railway station. At the same time the more deserving tree-sparrow, so often said to be ousted by its piebald cousin, is found as a winter visitor.

Exhaustive details are given of the vanishing raptorial species, many of the occurrences dating back to considerably more than half a century ago. The red-backed shrike does not often figure on the keeper's black list, but the owner of a game farm at Morestead, near Winchester, found it necessary to destroy no fewer than twenty-five of these butcher-birds in the year 1900 because they persisted in attacking the young pheasants. There is an interesting account of the gluttony of the cormorant, alias the Isle of Wight parson. In 1867 Frank Buckland witnessed the fishing exploits of trained cormorants in the river Test.

The black-headed gull may now be reckoned as a breeding species, having within the last few years become established in a large colony in the extreme south-west of the county. The beautiful series of photographs of this gull at its nest are therefore eminently suitable; there is not, however, an equal justification for including those of the tern and the avocet. The icterine warbler, the latest accidental visitor, brought the total number of species for the county up to 296, as opposed to Mr. Meade Waldo's list of 280 in the year 1900.

Birdland Pictures. By Oliver G. Pike. (Crofton Publishing Company.)—The many admirers of Mr. Pike will welcome his latest venture, a handsome folio containing twenty-four large reproductions of photographs from life. In this respect he has followed the example of Mr. Kearton. The difficulties in the way of an ambitious bird-photographer are so great that two dozen pictures of exceptional value might well represent the output of an ordinarily successful year. As a matter of fact, we recognize more than one-third of the illustrations as enlargements from those that have appeared in Mr. Pike's volumes of previous years; while we have certainly seen these identical pictures of coal tits in several publications already. Incidentally this fact enables us to gauge the amount of retouching involved, as in the case of a somewhat dyspeptic-looking blackbird and the accompanying nest. A robin's nest in a basket is surely too commonplace a subject to figure here in the imposing

size of 9 in. by 7 in. A blackcap on its nest is portrayed with a rather unconvincing tail; in fact, to a critical eye the *ars celare artem* is to a certain extent missing. The gannets, though very clear-cut, lack the beautiful softness and roundness we have seen in other photographs of these birds.

Having said this in the way of criticism, we must express our unstinted admiration for several fine achievements, among which is conspicuous the excellent photograph of a ruddy sheldrake—a *rara avis* indeed for the naturalist with a camera. The somnolent tawny owl and the very wideawake short-eared owl are genuine masterpieces. A great crested grebe on its nest, a kittiwake with two delightful infants, a grotesque quartet of puffins, and a very juvenile buzzard are all pictures of which Mr. Pike may be proud.

The Photoplane Company are responsible for the reproductions, which reach a high standard. The letterpress is confined to a page to each illustration; here Mr. Pike has sometimes something of interest to say, and sometimes not. The incidents of several days spent upon the Bass Rock provide good reading. A suggestion is put forward that a considerable sum might still be realized by collecting for sale the eiderdown on the Farne Islands after the nests have served their purpose. It appears that now, when the birds are protected there so strictly, this is entirely wasted.

SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—March 21.—Mr. Aubrey Strahan, V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. M. M. Allorge, P. de Gylpyn Benson, A. Bury, G. W. Edwards, and A. Wade were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read: 'The Chalk and Drift in Mön,' by the Rev. Edwin Hill, 'On the Relations of the Chalk and Boulder-Clay near Royston, Hertfordshire,' by Prof. T. G. Bonney, and 'Brachiopod Homeomorphy: Pygope, Antinomia, Pygites,' by Mr. S. S. Buckman.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—March 29.—Lord Avebury, President, in the chair.—Mr. St. John Hope read a short report by Mr. Somers Clarke as Local Secretary for Egypt, which was discussed by Mr. F. G. Hilton Price.—A paper was read by Mr. H. St. George Gray 'On some Antiquities found at Ham Hill, Somerset, and in the Neighbourhood,' and, through the kindness of the Somersetshire Archaeological Society, he was able to make thirty-five exhibits, many of rare objects of the Bronze Age, Late-Celtic, and Roman periods. These specimens from Ham Hill represented but a small proportion of hundreds of relics collected from the locality by two brothers-in-law, both medical men, viz., Mr. W. W. Walter and Mr. Hugh Norris, and later by the former's son, Mr. Hensleigh Walter. Ham Hill was situated five miles due west of Yeovil, and about midway between Ilchester and Crewkerne. The ramparts, three miles in circumference, enclosed 210 acres. The quarries for Ham Hill stone, belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall, were very extensive, and it was feared that as time went on the earthworks and the areas anciently inhabited would be destroyed, as happened at Hunsbury Camp, in Northamptonshire, two or three decades ago. The relics from Ham Hill covered a considerable period, from the Neolithic Age up to and including Saxon times. Some of the objects were similar to finds from Hod Hill, and others were analogous to relics from the Glastonbury lake village. Roman coins were commonly found, covering nearly the whole period of the Roman occupation, and extending to Theodosius I., A.D. 379-95. Mr. Gray gave elucidatory descriptions of the antiquities under three headings: firstly, objects found in 1904-5 on Ham Hill; secondly, relics from Ham Hill found before 1904, some of which had been figured in archaeological publications; and thirdly, a few relics from the neighbourhood of Ham Hill. The first section included a small enamelled disk of the character

of those which ornament the famous shield from the Thames at Battersea (and now in the British Museum). The most interesting fibula shown was that bearing the maker's name AVICISSA, one of seven that have been recorded from Britain, and one of three from Somerset, the two other Somerset examples (now in the Bristol Museum) being found in some Roman lead-workings at Charterhouse-on-Mendip. The Ham Hill example, Mr. Gray pointed out, differed from all the others in having the S's reversed. A hand-made earthenware bowl was exhibited which was stated to have been found 12 ft. deep on Ham Hill in 1896. On the bottom of the interior surface was a crude representation of a face surrounded by radiating lines, probably intended for the sun. On the sides of the bowl was a series of eight disks of ornament, and on the bottom of the vessel was a similar pattern. These ornamental disks consisted of interlocked or reversed spirals, each surrounded by radiating lines divided by elongated loops at measured intervals, suggesting the circular motion of the sun, as in the case of the swastika and the triskele. Mr. Gray's first remark on seeing the bowl, and before he knew anything of its history, was that it might be Mexican origin; and although, since hearing the statement that the bowl was found on Ham Hill, he had somewhat wavered in his opinion as to its origin or date, he had been inclined to regard it recently as British of the post-Roman period, but he did not know of anything ancient made of the same kind of clay. This bowl was lately examined by five well-known antiquaries, and it was remarkable that no two opinions as to its date or origin were alike. The extremes as regards date were (1) Late-Celtic, (2) modern forgery of a Mexican bowl; but the Roman and Saxon periods were also mentioned in connexion with the vessel. The second section of the paper dealt with relics found previously to 1904 on Ham Hill. The Bronze Age was represented by a spear-head of the earliest type and a well-preserved gouge of common form. The bronze ox's head, which may have formed part of a complete animal, was typical of Late-Celtic art, and nothing similar to it was known from other localities. Two bronze objects were exhibited which have usually been described as probably caps or bosses which were fitted to axles of chariot-wheels of the Early Iron Age. Both were found on Ham Hill, circa 1823, and very few similar objects were known in other collections. The fibula included an extremely finely preserved T-shaped brooch of Roman provincial type; the bilateral coils of the spring consisted of nine turns on each side; it was one of those fibulae which were rarely decorated on the catch-plate. Another rare type of brooch was shown, having unusually thin flat bows, which might be regarded as belonging to the end of the first century or the beginning of the second century A.D. As far as Britain was concerned, these fibulae appeared to be a South-Western type, having been found not infrequently at Ham and Hod Hills, and in the Romano-British villages excavated by General Pitt-Rivers. Another rarity from Ham Hill was the small bronze Roman lamp, weighing only 1 oz. 12 dwt.; a similar lamp, but larger, was found at Hod Hill, Dorset. Part of a Roman lorica, consisting of 39 plates of scale-armour, was examined by the Fellows with keen interest. The British Museum had five scales of the same cuirass. The bronze scales were tinned alternately, and measured 25 mm. long by 14·5 mm. wide, square at the top and rounded at the base. A few similar scales had been found elsewhere in Britain, sometimes detached, sometimes linked together. Two large and two small scales were known from Hod Hill, three from Colchester, and three from Hadrian's Wall at Walltown Crag; and a portion of a similar cuirass from Cataractonium, in Yorkshire. At Æsica (Great Chesters) a "quantity of scale-armour" had been found in 1894; but the scales were smaller than the Ham Hill examples, and perforated with a greater number of holes. Mr. Gray exhibited five objects from the neighbourhood of Ham Hill, viz., a bronze mask inlaid with silver, from Ilchester; a portion probably of a leaden coffin, decorated, from Northover, near Ilchester; a bronze fibula of early La Tène type, found at Melbury, Somerset (one of about thirty found in Britain); a Late Bronze Age twisted torc, found at Chillington, near Crewkerne; and a double-looped bronze palstave found in the parish of South Petherton in 1842. The twisted torc, as a type, had been

ound more commonly in Somerset than elsewhere in Britain. There were four in Taunton Museum; in addition, three were found at Wedmore, one at West Buckland, and two on the Quantock Hills. The double-looped palstave, Mr. Gray stated, was one of four known to have been found in Britain, and three of these came from Somerset (South Petherton, West Buckland, and Cheddar). Two examples were known from Ireland, and the type was not uncommon in Spain. — A discussion followed, in which the President, Prof. Gowland, and Messrs. C. H. Read and Reginald Smith took part. Some doubt was thrown on the authenticity of the earthenware bowl exhibited, and a Mexican model was suggested for it. Attention was also drawn to the distribution of double-looped palstaves, and it was remarked that one was also known from the department of Charente, Western France.

ZOOLOGICAL. — March 20.—Dr. H. Woodward V.P., in the chair.—The Secretary read a report on the additions to the menagerie during February. He exhibited a paper cutting representing the print of the fore foot of a large wild Indian elephant, which had been taken from an impression left in the soil, by Mr. C. A. Sherring, Deputy Commissioner at Almora, India. The circumference of the print was 66 inches. The secretary also exhibited, on behalf of Mr. John Bowes, a tooth of the mammoth from the sand in the estuary of the East Swale, about three miles west of Herne Bay.—Mr. Oldfield Thomas exhibited a brown bear from the Shan States, which appeared to represent a new form of the *A. arctos* group. It was named *Ursus arctos shanorum*, subsp. n.—Mr. R. E. Holding exhibited, and made some remarks on, specimens illustrating anomalies and variations in the teeth of animals; and Dr. Walter Kidd a second series of lantern-slides of sections of the skin from the palmar and plantar surfaces of mammals.—Dr. C. G. Seligmann read a paper giving, in tabulated form, the causes of deaths amongst the mammals and birds in the menagerie during 1905.—A communication from Mr. Guy A. K. Marshall contained descriptions of the species of the coleopterous genus *Sciobius*. The genus comprised 41 species, of which 22 were described as new.—Dr. Hans Gadow read a paper entitled 'A Contribution to the Study of Evolution, based upon the Mexican Species of *Chemidophorus*'. The main object of the paper was to trace the correlation of certain variations exhibited by the lizards of this genus, and the environmental, bionomic conditions.

MICROSCOPICAL. — March 21.—Sir Ford North, V.P., in the chair.—The Chairman announced the death of Mr. J. J. Vezey, the Treasurer of the Society, a most active, useful, and valuable member of this and many other societies. Mr. Wynne E. Baxter had been appointed Treasurer in succession to Mr. Vezey.—Mr. J. W. Gordon exhibited and described a new retro-ocular or top-stop for obtaining dark ground illumination with high-power objectives, and increasing the definition of highly resolved images in a bright field.—Mr. C. F. Rousselet read a paper entitled 'A Contribution to our Knowledge of the Rotifera of South Africa,' illustrating the subject by lantern-slides of the organisms described and of the localities where they were obtained, as well as by mounted specimens under microscopes.—Mr. J. M. Coon exhibited and described a new form of finder, which could be used on any microscope, and by which the object registered on one microscope could be found on any other; it can be used with high powers.—An abstract of a paper by Mr. N. D. F. Pearce, 'On some Oribatidae from Sikkim,' was read by the Secretary.—Mr. Michael said that absolutely nothing had hitherto been known about the Oribatidae of Sikkim, and very little of those found in the tropics. The wide distribution of these creatures was remarkable, for in searching materials from various parts of the world he had generally found British species among them. Most of those described in the paper were very small and inconspicuous, and it was curious to notice that most of the tropical species were on the average smaller than those found in temperate climates.—A paper by Mr. E. M. Nelson, 'On the Limits of Resolving Power for the Microscope and Telescope,' was taken as read.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS. — April 3.—Sir Alexander R. Binnie, President, in the chair.—The paper read was 'The Harbours of South Africa, with Special Reference to the Causes and Treatment of Sand-Bars,' by Mr. C. W. Methven.—It was announced that 7 Associate Members had been transferred to the class of Members, and that 122 candidates had been admitted as Students. The monthly ballot resulted in the election of 2 Members, 83 Associate Members, and 2 Associates.

ROYAL INSTITUTION. — April 2.—Sir James Crichton-Browne, Treasurer and V.P., in the chair.—Mr. W. A. Adam, Mr. W. A. Harper, Mr. J. B. Lightfoot, Mr. G. A. Moore, Prof. J. Perry, and Mr. M. H. K. Poser were elected Members.

SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS. — April 2.—Mr. Maurice Wilson, President, in the chair.—A paper was read on 'Harbour Exigency Works,' by Mr. Frank Latham.

ARISTOTELIAN. — April 2.—Dr. Hastings Rashdall, President, in the chair.—Dr. F. B. Jevons read a paper on 'Timelessness.' Assuming time to exist, we have before us the alternatives that succession is the ultimate fact, and that past, present, and future cannot coexist; or that their coexistence and mutual interpenetration is the ultimate fact, and that they only appear to be spaced out and distinguished; or that they are ultimately in fact, as they are given in appearance, at once successive and not successive—in reality they both do and do not coexist. Things must exist if they are to coexist, or to succeed one another: what, then, is that present moment which was preceded by the past and will be succeeded by the future, if past, present, and future follow one another? It is, as it were, a vertical line having length, but no breadth: one side of the line is the past, the other the future, and between them is nothing, which is the present. And the past, which is no longer, and the future, which is not yet, are, like the present, non-existent. But if they do not exist, they can neither coexist nor follow one another; still less can they do both. If they appear to do either or both, they do so precisely because they are appearance and not reality. In time, as Mr. Bradley says, "we are forced to see the false appearance of a timeless reality."—The paper was followed by a discussion.

PHYSICAL. — March 23.—Prof. J. Perry, President, in the chair.—Prof. F. T. Trouton read a paper 'On Unilateral Electric Conductivity over Damp Surfaces.'—A paper on 'The Construction and Use of Oscillation Valves for rectifying High-Frequency Electric Currents,' was read by Prof. J. A. Fleming.—A paper on 'The Use of the Cymometer for the Determination of Resonance Curves,' was read by Mr. G. B. Dyke.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK.

- MON. Geographical, 8.30.—'Recent Exploration and Survey in Seistan,' Col. Sir H. McMahon.
- TUES. Asiatic, 4.—'Kapilavastu,' Major Vost.
- Colonial Institute, 8.—'Australian Immigration,' Mr. Walter James.
- FRIDAY, 8.—'Notes on the Rotating Electric Steel Furnace in the Artillery Construction Works,' Trans. Mr. E. Stassen; 'Electrothermics of Iron and Steel,' Mr. Ch. A. Keller; 'Recent Developments in the Gas Electric Steel Furnace,' Mr. Gustave Gin; 'Note on the Cleaning Work by means of Electrolytic Agents,' Mr. H. S. Coleman.
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'On the Resistance of Iron and Steel to Reversals of Direct Stress,' Dr. T. E. Stanton and Mr. L. Bairstow.
- Zoological, 8.30.—'The Freshwater Fishes of the Island of Trincomalee, and the Collection, and Notes and Sketches, made by Mr. Leachman,' Mr. G. R. Roberts;
- 'The Marine Fauna of Zanzibar and British East Africa from Collections made by Cyril Crossland in 1901-2; Alecyonaria,' Prof. J. A. Thomson and Mr. W. D. Henderson; 'Cycloids in Osteocarp Fishes,' and 'Notes on Supernumerary Eggs, Larva Deficiency, and Reduplication of the Notochord in Trout Embryos,' Dr. J. F. Gemmill.
- WED. Astronomical, 8.—'Buddhism as We Find It in Japan,' Prof. J. Takakusu.
- Japan, 8.30.—'Buddhism as We Find It in Japan,' Prof. J. Takakusu.

Science Gossip.

THIS year Easter falls on the same actual day by both the Julian and Gregorian styles, though the former calls it the 2nd of April, and the latter the 15th. It is ten years since Easter was kept on the same day in Eastern and Western Europe.

A COMPLIMENTARY dinner was given last week in Edinburgh to Dr. B. N. Peach,

F.R.S., on his retirement, after forty-five years' service, from the Geological Survey of Scotland. Dr. Peach was presented with an illuminated address and a cheque for a substantial sum, and many tributes were paid to him as a naturalist and a geologist.

NEXT Wednesday Sir A. R. Binnie, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, will take the chair on the occasion of the hundredth distribution of certificates to the students of the Crystal Palace Company's School of Practical Engineering.

ACCORDING to Dr. Strömgren's ephemeris, Ross's comet (c. 1906) will enter the western part of the constellation Taurus next week, moving towards the Pleiades. Its brightness continues slowly to diminish, and is now less than half what it was at the time of discovery.

VOL. I. (New Series) of the *Transactions* of the Liverpool Astronomical Society contains an account of the observations of the eclipse of the sun last August, for which a party of five members, under the direction of the Rev. R. Killip, proceeded to Burgos, and obtained some valuable photographs of the corona, the sky clearing just before totality. Mr. Dickson was successful in photographing the flash spectrum, which he estimated not to last more than two seconds.

No. 2 of the *Publications* of the Vassar College Observatory contains a catalogue of 408 stars within two degrees of the North Pole, deduced from photographic plates taken by Prof. Donner, of Helsingfors. The measurement and reduction have been carried out under the direction of Dr. Caroline E. Furness, assistant at the observatory, and the greater part of the expense has been defrayed by a grant from the Carnegie Institution of Washington. No. 1 gave those within one degree of the Pole; the present includes their places, together with those between 1° and 2°, for the epoch 1888, with complete lists of the precession coefficients, and the magnitudes, photographic and visual. The whole number of plates from which they are deduced is twelve.

FINE ARTS

ILLUSTRATED VIEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Cathedrals of England and Wales. Second Series. By T. Francis Bumpus. (Werner Laurie.)—In this volume Mr. Bumpus describes Canterbury, York, St. Paul's, Winchester, Norwich, Peterborough, Exeter, and Wells. The complacent spirit in which he has set about his work may be judged from the pride that must, he says, be taken "in the reflection that foreigners [fresh from Amiens or Beauvais, we may assume] are enabled to derive their first impressions of an English minster from Canterbury," which exhibits features calculated to surprise, if not shock, some of us. Mr. Bumpus approves, too, the pulling down of the west front of Peterborough. But in spite of this convenient blindness to some modern methods and expedients he is a very useful and well-informed guide, and his book should be carefully read before any of the churches he describes are visited.

Normandy. By Nico Jungman. Text by G. E. Mitton. (A. & C. Black.)—Mr. Jungman's art is curiously complete within its conventions: the spectator sees what is put before him exactly as the artist feels it;

his mastery over his powers of expression leaves nothing to be guessed at in his work. The choice of subjects in this book does not carry us far off the beaten track, but we do not consider that of itself a disadvantage. The text supplies a generally accurate and lively account of the history of the province so far as it affects its connexion with England and runs on pleasantly and discursively from place to place. A few errors occur: the Conqueror's thighbone disappeared in 1793, and his epitaph is wrongly given. Mr. Jungman's many admirers will find in the illustrations to this well-printed volume all the qualities they have learnt to expect in his work.

Normandy: the Scenery and Romance of its Ancient Towns. Depicted by Gordon Home. (Dent & Co.)—The illustrations to this book rank with the best of the season's work. It is difficult to find anything new to write or draw about such places as Rouen, Caen, or Mont St. Michel, but Mr. Home has been able to find many other subjects which combine artistic and literary interest. The sketches of the Château Gaillard, near le Petit Andelys, of the church at Gisors, of Evreux, of the Rue aux Fèvres at Lisieux, and others, are very successful examples of Mr. Home's powers in this direction. The tourist who has seen the places described and illustrated by him has seen the best that Normandy can offer, and any one who has not seen them may be recommended to take him as a counsellor, if not a guide, in the selection of a new tour.

Summer Holidays among the Glories of Northern France. By T. Francis Bumpus. (Dennis.)—If it were only for the illustrations—good half-tone blocks from well-known photographs—every lover of Northern France and of architecture would feel compelled to obtain this book; but they are only one of its merits. Mr. Bumpus understands his subject so well that he is able to send his reader direct to the main point of interest in the building he is describing. He has a considerable feeling for the picturesque, and though he writes as a High Churchman and is keenly interested in liturgical questions, yet his absorption in them never offends those not in sympathy with his views. Some of his criticisms are, we think, hardly justified, and are probably due to his preference for English architecture; but we agree with his praise of many churches generally overlooked by the tourist. We are sorry that Mr. Bumpus has omitted to visit such cathedrals as those of St. Omer and St. Quentin. We should have been glad to have his remarks on them, and to see them brought to the attention of the travelling public. This is a book which every one about to visit Northern and Western France should read.

The Cathedrals of Southern France. By Francis Miltoun. (Werner Laurie.)—Mr. Miltoun's book is so poor that one is driven to wonder how a man who has seen so many important buildings can know so little about them. He selects De Caumont's classification founded on ornament, a classification discredited before Mr. Miltoun was born. He seems unaware even of such well-known writers as Quicherat or Gonse, not to speak of Lefèvre-Pontalis, Delio, Revoil, and others who have studied Romanesque and Southern French architecture. Miss McManus, who illustrates the work, has succeeded admirably in obtaining the general effect of the lithographic album popular forty years ago.

The Italian Lakes, painted by Ella Du Cane, described by Charles Bagot, is one of Messrs. Black's series of colour books. It contains a profusion of views with a great deal of

pink about them. They may possibly recall the scenery depicted to those who have seen it; but we can hardly think that they will do much to give those who have not visited Italy any very vivid notion of that peculiar charm which Creighton (if we remember right) held to be something beyond the deserts of mere mortals. Mr. Bagot gossips not unpleasantly, if with no great indication of profound historical research, about ancient Lombards and modern countesses, with an occasional glance at Barbarossa and Charles: the lakes are rich in historical memories. It is a pity that the scheme of the work did not allow of the inclusion of the greatest and not least storied of them all, the mighty Benacus. To use once more a saying indispensable to the critic, "For those who like this sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing they will like."

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

The process by which a school of painting wins its way to financial favour is very curious. The new qualities that mark it as a school are at first cared for by very few. As, however, these qualities are not altogether incompatible with certain others that have long been regarded as admirable, the revolutionary artist maintains at first a precarious existence by producing work that satisfies this conventional standard in such directions as do not clash with the demands of his artistic conscience; and we may add, though it is an unpopular saying with partisans, that in so doing he usually produces some of his finest pictures—works full-blooded, yet restrained; and if he continued to produce such, he would probably continue to eke out a modest existence.

But human nature is not so constituted—a man with an idea rarely resists the temptation to carry it to extremes. So he neglects little by little, the demands (often reasonable enough) of the world, and leaves his work to stand or fall by its innovating idea, taking to himself great credit for this sometimes rather disastrous step (for which, we may say in passing, the critic might perhaps take his share of the blame on account of his incapacity to discern originality unless it is offered to him in crude lumps). And now ensues a battle royal, and the poor painter may starve, indeed, unless he finds a few enthusiasts to come to his assistance with money as well as praise. Extravagant attack, however, calls up defence, and by the time the artist is very old, or dead, his innovations have been plausibly explained, and received that verbal justification without which no logical man nowadays will allow his eyes to enjoy themselves. Armed by this permit, capitalists begin to buy, and the painter's actual demise speedily puts his work on a very different footing. He is now a part of history, and every little daub that he ever executed is hunted out by collectors. Henceforward the limitations of the artist, which the true amateur of painting would pardon in favour of his merits, are themselves erected into virtues, and sedulously observed as such by a host of imitators.

Such was the typical course of the schools of painting of the nineteenth century—an age prolific of little artistic revolutions, each rather intolerant of the other—and it suggests that the critical sense of the public has been (and, for that matter, remains) rather immature. An intelligent visitor to our picture galleries would write down picture-lovers as a windy and hysterical race, making here a great fuss over very little, and again curiously blind to what an impartial observer would think much more

interesting. Critics might well think about resisting this blind homage to an historic name, and establishing a saner way of looking at things.

To get to the immediate matter in hand, we submit that the esteem in which Barbizon pictures (of almost any quality) are held in England might well bear reconsideration. Some of the members of this school lived to see, as it were, in the distance the time when their work would become marketable, and were much tempted, realizing the less value their best work would have as compared with their most characteristic, to try to endow any little sketch from nature with some of the quality of the latter by a little artful retouching. Hence, among the smaller works of Corot, there are many very charming paintings that answer not very definitely to the public idea of what a Corot should be; yet there are amongst the more popular class that fulfil this idea not a few that are merely dull and fuzzy repetitions of old themes. It is because Messrs. Brown & Phillips have in their exhibitions of modern work displayed a *flair* anything but common that, when we find them engaged on the task of exploiting an outworn cult, we feel moved to speak frankly on the exaggerated deference paid to every few inches of murky paint that have come out of Barbizon.

One might propose to a critic a simple conscience test. Let him imagine this small canvas as it looked when it had just been painted (divested of the slight charm that years give to pigment), lying about, without a frame, in the studio of any of the half dozen finest painters known in this despised generation. For ourselves, we are constantly seeing Barbizon pictures that sell at from two to four hundred pounds apiece that we should hardly rank as valuable under such altered conditions; and, indeed, without going into such extremes in the present instance, we doubt if any one accustomed to the use of paint, and accustomed to admire its masterly use, could rank the first few Corots in the present exhibition as anything more than very moderate and rather dull performances, were these vouched for as modern pictures. If it is but fair to say that the quality of the works of this painter improves as one continues round the room, till in No. 46, *The Seine at St. Cloud*, we have a painting of infinite charm. It has all the delicacy and softness Corot should have, all the truth of tone and harmonious simplicity of the Barbizon School; but it has also an alertness and a deftness of touch that answer to the early morning feeling of the subject, and that are not always conspicuous in a school that is sometimes a little heavy-handed and dull. Also, its colour-scheme is rather more varied in its brilliance than is usual in a painter who often bullishly Nature a little to get her into the gamut of which he was master—a painter who was capable on occasion of painting even a cornfield a dun brown.

If there is a painter of all this band towards whose name, even in a catalogue, the heart goes out, it is the glorious Monticelli, whose difficulty with Nature was never, at any rate, that her hues were too brilliant for him to harmonize. It is disappointing, therefore, that he, the king of colourists, should be represented by one inadequate picture only. The *Group of Ladies with a Dog* looks as though some painter that had studied the matter thoroughly had put himself to do a Monticelli. The result is what might be feared: he has been driven to break his brilliant pigments into smaller strokes than usual, but still their contrasts fail to blend as parts in one simple movement of colour which is the picture. We do not mean to

contend that Monticelli never painted the picture, but to point out that he was incompletely Monticelli at the time. There is the same trouble with the Diaz, *Venus and Cupids*: it is manifestly Diaz trying to remember in an uninspired moment how he did better last time.

The most successful example here of the task that Diaz specially excelled in, the weaving on a tiny canvas a web of gemlike threads which yet suggest a kind of transfigured reality, is to be found in Troyon's *Diana*. Nothing could be more beautiful in colour, yet it is almost a literal possibility, and shows how the close study of nature that Troyon practised gave him fresh weapons for this sort of work. It is unfortunately spoilt to some extent by a want of nobility in the design of the figures. In the *Depths of the Forest* we find him again with a typical Diaz subject, but not venturing to push the colour to the Diaz pitch of intensity. On the other hand, it is a nobler conception of forest form than Diaz would have achieved, and the draughtsmanship is continued through plane after plane of swaying leafy veils with great firmness and a certain fluent tranquillity. Of the other pictures, Dupré's *The Storm* and Daubigny's *Riverside Town* win one by their intensity heavily charged with colour, and Rousseau's *Mountain View* by its masculine construction. *The Lake, Lane leading to Ville d'Avray*, and *The Old Bridge at Nantes* resemble good Corots.

WORKS BY MR. BYAM SHAW AND MR. D. S. MACCOLL.

By an irony of fortune we pass from the Barbizon School—whose greatest assets are its modesty and harmony of colour, whose defect is a certain unenterprising repetition of themes that have lost their freshness to the painter—to consider a modern artist whose work is the very antithesis of theirs, who has enterprise in abundance in attacking original subjects, who has great powers of realization, but whose sense of harmony is not merely defective, but even, we think, abominably defective, and apparently growing worse. *Flora, the Earth's Dressmaker*, is the best of the new pictures by Mr. Shaw, which are now at the Dowdeswell Galleries. It shows great power of visualizing an imaginative conception: not a touch hesitates, everything is clearly seen. Time may do much for this picture in the way of toning down its crudity: the paint may shrink, flatten out, and, as the opaque colour becomes less opaque with age, give perhaps a little delicacy to these solid and metallic petals; the stream in the distance (how exquisite a thing is a stream in nature!) may get to look less like basketwork; every part of the picture may not have quite the same shrillness of competition it has at present; yet for all its faults here is the work of a strong man, and the vein of imagination yields better here than in last year's Academy picture beside it, which is by comparison commonplace, though again with bits of naturalistic painting in it of great ability. The "Prodigal Son" picture is a mistaken excursion from the region of painting by colour that alone is Mr. Shaw's province. It is very dull, and it is not in this direction that we should wish to see him develop; nor must a protest against his want of harmony be mistaken for any wish to tame his purples or cast a shade over his vermilions.

The latest development of Mr. Shaw's activity is in the direction of the *ikon*, the alleged religious picture plastered over with precious stones. Here he seems to us to

make a deliberate attempt to deprive the beholder of the proper use of his faculties by a brutal attack on the optic nerve. It is like hypnotizing people by making them gaze at monotonously twinkling lights. It is the true instrument of priestcraft for a degraded population wrought up to hysteria. At the right moment the priest has but to draw the curtain a moment, and the crowd are convulsed with something between ecstasy and horror. Mr. Shaw's marvel is terribly effective for this, useless for anything else in the purely physical nature of its attack.

In a picture a year or two ago, not quite successful as a whole, an interior of an inn yard, Mr. Shaw did a group of street urchins with a delicacy, a humour, a power, that made one see him as a more gentle Hogarth. Nor have there been wanting some early studies of half-humorous pseudo-medievalism where was apparent the patience of the painter who works in beautifully finished parts, adding dainty colour to colour. Can his power of realizing nature, moreover, exist without the power of subordination, if he cares to use it? These things we remember, and had hoped for a painter of small and unobtrusive, but brilliant and beautiful things. Instead we get sensationalism.

The rôle of the painter is so much superior to that of the critic that, were any other of our confrères the author of these drawings of Mr. MacColl's, we should bestow our blessing and beg him to leave off writing. In Mr. MacColl, however, we have a writer who is occasionally so suggestive to other painters, so apt to throw out projects for the future, that we cannot afford to wish ourselves so cheaply rid of him. Nor do we wholly criticize his drawings on the basis of other drawings of a like nature. Judged by that standard, they would be singularly satisfactory: his art is light and certain, and daintily accomplished; he eliminates with unerring tact those elements of the scene he represents that would clog his dainty technique, without proportionately enriching the aspect of the thing he wants to give. No. 13, *Chapel of Our Lady of the Waves*, is just how that building might appear, were it transmuted miraculously into some ethereal even-coloured substance that should throw into still greater relief the daintiness of the thing. *The Market-Place, Honfleur*, *The Hundred Masts*, and *The Riverside, Chartres*, are little masterpieces of easy delicacy. Noting only a certain inadequacy in dealing with one or two of the deeper-toned evening effects, we might continue in this strain, were it an affair of the painter only.

It is not. We are in the position of a practitioner called in to advise an eminent doctor as to his health. Doubtless it is his business to know himself, yet even the most eminent physician distrusts himself to the point of submitting sometimes to such examination. It is our opinion, then, that the rôles of painter and critic are in such a case as the present interdependent—that it is from his own experiences that the critic derives profit. Does he bitterly deride another's mistakes? It is himself that he is really deriding. Does he praise another's successes? It is a success that he is at least promising himself. If, then, such a man would be ever offering fresh suggestions to others, he must be ever testing the value of those suggestions; to be ready to supplement them or apologize for them, he must make essays, with however insufficient opportunity, in the highest branches of art which his speculations habitually touch, and establish a first-hand acquaintance, however disastrously in outward result,

with the most difficult branches of the art he criticizes. To do this has a certain reward, though not in pence, and from this point of view this collection of drawings, eloquent of so much trained observation and absorbed industry, is yet a noble form of idleness: it is all so well within Mr. MacColl's range. Still, no doubt he deserved his holiday: there are some more beautiful drawings in the world, and he has plucked up fresh strength. "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

THE season for excavation in Egypt is nearly over, and reports of the work done are beginning to come in. In the current number of the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology* will be found a note by Mr. Ayrton, with a map and photograph showing the site of the tomb of Siptah lately discovered, as mentioned in these Notes (see *The Athenæum*, No. 4081), in the course of Mr. Theodore Davis's work at the Valley of the Kings. Unluckily, the water has got into the tomb, and destroyed some of the paintings in stucco; but "a very beautiful portrait of the king" is said to be left, together with some of the monarch's *ushabtis*, and will be published later. This should clear up all doubt as to his identity; but if he should really turn out to be the last king of the Nineteenth Dynasty, whose Horus name was Khâ-em-khebit (rising in the North?), it is plain that Prof. Petrie was wrong when he said in the last published volume of his "History of Egypt" that Siptah shared the tomb of his consort Tauseret. Prof. Petrie himself does not appear to have been very successful, the site at Pithom that he had hoped for having been already assigned to M. Jean Clédat before his arrival in Egypt, and his work seems to have been entirely confined to Tell el-Yahudiyyeh (the mound of the Jew), summarily excavated for the Egypt Exploration Fund by M. Édouard Naville in 1887. That this was the site of the schismatic Jewish temple erected by Onias was established by M. Naville, and in his letter to *The Times* of March 14th, Prof. Petrie claims to have discovered the remains of this temple itself. As the same letter tells us that the natives have "barely left the outline of the foundations of the temple," this is likely to be largely a matter of faith, and one's scepticism is not lessened by the statement that the proportions of the Holy of Holies are the same as those of Solomon's Temple. Of Mr. Garstang's excavations at Hieraconpolis and Esneh we hear nothing.

The excavations of the Fund at Deir-el-Bahari have, however, this year been very successful. Fully justifying the expectation expressed in these Notes (*Athenæum* No. 4086), M. Naville, soon after taking over the direction of the work from his co-concessionaire and lieutenant Mr. H. R. Hall, came upon the shrine of Hathor with the figure of the gilded cow intact, which has already been described in *The Times*. On this and the future prospects of the excavations he writes to us:—

"In view of the danger to which the shrine of Hathor and the statue of the goddess would have been exposed if left at Deir el-Bahari, M. Maspero has ordered them to be removed to the Cairo Museum. The cow has therefore been taken out of the shrine, and the sculptured stones forming the chapel taken down and numbered. The shrine will then be rebuilt in the Museum, and the cow will be on exhibition there in a few days. The shrine was in the north corner of the platform. We went on digging along the axis of the building in a wide avenue or court having a colonnade on each side of

it. When we had got as far as the sixth column, we found in the middle of the avenue a large granite stela in perfect preservation. It is a royal decree of Userkaf III. of the Twelfth Dynasty, in which he fixes the offerings to be made daily to the two gods of the temple, Amen and Mentuhotep. This shows that the temple we are excavating is the funereal temple of its builder, King Mentuhotep Neb-hapet-Ra. The presence of the stela also shows that we are getting near the sanctuary or the tomb. In fact, the day before we closed our work we discovered, also in the middle of the avenue, the entrance to a sloping passage cut in the rock, which must evidently lead to the tomb, and which goes towards the mountain. Next year's work will be to remove the mound of rubbish which now covers this passage; and as the mountain is on the other side of the mound, this will complete the work."

To which we will only add that the statue in the round of the goddess Hathor in the form of a cow here alluded to is of course in addition to the fine bas-relief of the same goddess already discovered by Mr. Hall.

Prof. Sayce has also published in the number of the *Proceedings* last mentioned three Hittite inscriptions, of which two now appear for the first time. All of them are of more general interest than most of their class. One of them from Erzerum gives, according to their decipherer, the Hittite words for horse and for chariot. These are *iua* and *tua* respectively, and Prof. Sayce is quick to note the apparent correspondence with the *Iuaa* and *Thuua* which were the names of the father and mother of Amenophis III.'s celebrated Queen Thyi. He adduces in support the fact that a chariot was found in the tomb of the pair discovered last year (*Athenæum* No. 4047) by Mr. Theodore Davis, and this has certainly some value. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that *Iuaa* was "superintendent of the cattle of the god Min in Ekhmim" and his wife a priestess of Amen, neither of them appointments likely to be given to Hittites or persons not of Egyptian blood; and that Thyi's brother bore the thoroughly Egyptian name of *Aa-nen*. The second inscription, which comes from Palanga, relates to a "double gate" for certain gods, the hieroglyph used being, in Prof. Sayce's opinion, the original of the caduceus borne by the Greek Hermes. The third monument gives a reference to "the table on which the sacrificial meal is represented in Hittite sculptures as being placed," and Prof. Sayce declares, on the faith of a plate in Perrot and Chipiez, that this was in effect a communion table, made with cross legs, at which the deity was supposed to sit opposite the consecrating priest, and which is then represented as bearing six loaves or wafers, with a cup in the midst of them. Prof. Sayce claims that this was the form of the Mithraic communion, and that it can therefore be traced back to a Hittite source. It is by no means unlikely, but it will take a good deal of proving. The three monuments are in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople.

With this we may couple a curious discovery communicated to the Académie des Inscriptions by Father Jalabert, of Beyrouth, who has found on the road from Beyrouth to Saida, in the Druse village of Chueifat, a Latin inscription to the three great deities of Baalbek or Heliopolis, under the names of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury. M. Héron de Villefosse, who presented the inscription to the Académie, had no difficulty in identifying Jupiter with Hadad, and Venus with Atargatis; but he was more puzzled with Mercury, and pertinently asks who was the Syrian god with similar attributes. According to Prof. Sayce it should have been Sandes, whose emblem was the caduceus or "double gate" with the serpents, and who acted in the Lydian pantheon the part of "Mes-

senger of the Gods," assigned in Babylonia to Pap-sukal.

The long-standing mystery as to how the Greeks and Romans managed their oars in ships with many banks, such as the triremes, has been at last taken in hand by the Hellenic Society, and a spirited discussion upon it is now being waged. It was started by Mr. Tarn, continued by Mr. Cecil Torr—who generally takes an independently critical view in such matters—and the last contributor to it is Mr. Anderson. Many different opinions have been advanced, but the words of Galen, in a well-known passage, that the oars, though falling into the water in a line, were not all of equal length, must mean that the upper banks had more oar inboard than the lower one; and hence these upper ones must have been manned, like a barge's sweeps, by two or more men seated at the same bench. As for the three orders of rowers (*i.e.*, the thalamites, zugites, and thranites), there seems little reason to doubt that these refer to the parts into which the ship was longitudinally divided, the thranites being furthest astern, and the thalamites in the bows. Only, as the beam of the ship must have been greatest amidships, it would follow from this that the zugites must have had more men to each oar than their luckier fellows, and of this there is no hint, so far as can be remembered, in the texts. We are therefore still at a dead lock with regard to the question.

The quarrel started by Prof. Seybold's attack upon our countryman Mr. Evetts still continues, the *Revue Critique* of March 19th again devoting a special supplement to it. Mgr. Graffin is the last comer into the fight, and a certain Abbé—or ex-Abbé—Chabot is denounced by him as the villain of the piece. Prof. Seybold also seems to have replied to the attacks upon him that he will answer them in a German publication, which, as his French critics justly remark, is pretty much the same thing to them as saying that he will not reply at all. The quarrel seems to be spreading, but we must refer those who are interested in it to our contemporary's pages.

THE DENNY AND OTHER SALES.

Messrs. CHRISTIE'S sale on Saturday was one of unusual interest, although the late Mr. E. M. Denny's collection was not of the highest quality, and the total which the 62 lots realized—28,906/- 10s.—was not big, as totals go nowadays. The most important picture was Gainsborough's stately three-quarter-length portrait of Harriet, Viscountess Tracy (married in February, 1755, and died in August, 1795), in blue dress, with white lace trimming at the neck and on the sleeves; and this fetched 6,000 gs.—a considerable advance on the 1,500/- which Mr. Denny paid for it in 1895. The portrait has suffered from time, especially in the flesh tints; but it is still an imposing picture, and dates probably from about 1784. The companion portrait of her husband, Viscount Tracy, belongs to Lord Burton, and both remained in the possession of the collateral descendants of their subjects until some ten years ago.

The most important of the four portraits catalogued as by Reynolds was a genuine picture of Nelly O'Brien (who frequently sat to Reynolds), a half-figure in white dress, with mauve ribbons round her waist and sleeves, and this brought 2,500 gs. The provenance of this picture goes with certainty no further back than the sale of the collection of Mr. John Gibbons, of Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, who died in 1851, and whose collection was apparently inherited by the Rev. B. Gibbons; there can, however, be little doubt that it is the same picture which was in the Charles Meigh sale of April 2nd, 1850, when it realized 49 gs. The second "Reynolds," a portrait of a lady in black silk cloak with white lining and large black hat, is a portrait of a Mrs. Molesworth.

The present writer has little doubt that it is a very beautiful example of Sir William Beechey, painted under the distinct influence of Reynolds. It was at Messrs. Christie's on February 28th, 1891, when it realized 280 gs., and when its authenticity as a Reynolds was very much discussed, as it was last week, when it brought 1,520 gs. The third "Reynolds," a portrait of Miss Fuller, in blue dress with purple and white cloak, and pearl necklace, was engraved by R. B. Parker in 1876 as by Reynolds, but it is probably the work of Cotes; it realized 220 gs. The fourth Reynolds was a portrait of a lady in yellow dress and black cloak, and brought 200 gs. The Early English School also included: F. Cotes, Portrait of a Lady, in white dress with blue scarf, 180 gs. Hogarth, Portrait of a Young Girl, in brown dress with white lace trimming, 155 gs. Hoppner, Portrait of a Lady, in white dress with pink sash, 520 gs. T. Hudson, Portrait of a Lady, in white dress with pink ribbons and blue cloak, 420 gs. Lely, Hon. Mary Howard, in yellow dress with grey scarf, 130 gs. J. Lonsdale, Queen Henrietta Maria, in white dress with pink ribbons, 130 gs. Ben Marshall, The Sportsman, a portrait of J. C. Shaddick, with his horse and two pointers, in a landscape, carrying his gun and a pheasant, exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1801, 110 gs. (this fetched 205 gs. at Messrs. Christie's on February 28th, 1891). Sir H. Raeburn, Portrait of a Lady, in grey dress with white frill and cap, 100 gs. Romney, Mrs. Oliver, in white dress and flowing head-dress, seated, holding her young child in her lap, 1,250 gs. This realized 720 gs. on July 10th, 1897, and is one of two pictures which Romney painted of this lady. A so-called Romney portrait of Lady Hamilton, in pink dress, is not by Romney, nor does it represent Lady Hamilton, but it brought 380 gs. It fetched 90 gs. in 1891, when it appeared in the saleroom as by another artist, the attribution to Romney being an "afterthought."

Of the three water-colour drawings, D. Cox's Carthage: Æneas and Achates, brought 205 gs., and Sir J. Gilbert's Duke of Gloucester and the Monks, 82 gs. The two realized 165 gs. and 160 gs. at the Quilter sale of 1889.

The Modern English School included: Constable, Salisbury Bridge, engraved by Norman Hirst in 1904, 2,700 gs. (this cost Mr. Denny 1,800/-); Strand-on-the-Green, 460 gs. A. C. Gow, War Prospects (Royal Academy, 1891), 115 gs. J. W. Godward, The Engagement Ring, 105 gs. J. C. Hook, Cornish Miners Leaving Work (R.A., 1864), 370 gs. C. R. Leslie, Sir Walter Scott, in green coat and buff vest, engraved by G. H. Phillips, 135 gs. P. Nasmyth, An Extensive View from Mr. Blackwell's Harrow Weald Common, with figures and cattle, 780 gs.; A Landscape, with a cottage among trees on the right, a peasant leading a horse along a road, 800 gs. (these were in Miss Elizabeth Hunt's sale in 1890, and then sold for 290 gs. and 260 gs. respectively; they were acquired by Mr. Denny for 800/-). F. Sandy's Valkyrie, 190 gs. (Leyland sale, 1892, 74 gs.). J. Stark, A View on the River at Thorpe, with wherries, cart, and figures, 400 gs.

Modern Foreign Schools: Rosa Bonheur, A Group of Ten Sheep in the Pyrenees, 1,020 gs. (H. W. F. Bolekow sale, 1891, 1,260 gs.). Madame Marie Dieterle (a daughter and pupil of Van Mareke), Cattle approaching along a Woody Road, 280 gs. Cattle in a Meadow, 175 gs. A. A. Lesrel, Connaisseurs, 113 gs.

Probably the sensation of the sale was provided by the pair of splendid portraits by a Dutch artist almost unknown in this country, Nicholas Elias Pickemoy, a native of Amsterdam, where he was baptized on January 10th, 1588, and where he died between 1653 and 1656. He is well represented in the Rijks Museum by thirteen examples. The portraits in the Denny collection were both painted in 1632: one is of a lady in black dress, with gold-embroidered front, large white ruff, with lace cap and cuffs, and the other is the companion portrait of a gentleman in black dress with white lace ruff and cuffs; each is on panel. The pair cost about 1,200/-, and now brought 3,100 gs. G. Honthorst was represented by two works: Princess Mary Stuart, Princess of Orange, in yellow dress with pink bow, and William II. of Nassau, when a boy, in pink and silver dress, each on panel, and signed and dated 1639. They realized 950 gs., and had been in the following collections: Hamilton

Palace, 1882 (440 gs.), H. B. Mildmay, 1893 (400 gs.), and J. Ruston, 1898 (500 gs.). G. Jamesone, Lady Dundas, in black dress with white ruff, 330 gs. Bernardino Luini, St. Catherine of Siena (not "of Alexandria," as catalogue), in red, blue, and green dress, a decoration for an altarpiece, 300 gs. J. F. Tischbein, Fräulein Schmeide, in white dress with yellow sleeves, signed and dated 1799, 120 gs.

The miscellaneous properties (which realized 3,606/-) in the sale included little of note, but the following may be mentioned: Reynolds, Miss Penelope Bowyer, in white dress trimmed with ermine, 100 gs.; Mary, Countess de La Warr, in white robe, 480 gs. Romney, Lady Hamilton as a Vestal, in white robe and head-dress, 170 gs. P. Nasmyth, A Woody Landscape, with cottage and figures, 145 gs. Sir A. More, Mr. Thomas Gresham, 150 gs. A Canaletto, Pair of Views on the Grand Canal, Venice, with gondolas and figures, 340 gs. Le Nain, A Company of Butchers, with an ox, 130 gs. Three drawings by J. Downman: Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, in white dress, her hair bound with a scarf, 155 gs.; Lady E. Compton, afterwards Countess of Burlington, in white dress with large cap, 160 gs.; Admiral Philip Affleck, Dalham, Suffolk, in blue uniform, 100 gs.

Messrs. Christie sold on the 28th ult. the following etchings and engravings: After Rembrandt: Peasant Girl, by W. Say, 35/-; The Gilder, by J. Dixon, 30/-; The Night Watch, by C. Waltner, 20/-; The Syndics, by Koëpping, 27/- After Turner: Calais Pier, by T. Lupton, 34/- After Meissonier: 1806, by J. Jacquet, 39/-

The same firm sold on the 2nd inst. the following drawings: Adam Buck, Mrs. Mountain playing a Guitar, 84/- E. Dayes, A Promenade in St. James's Park, 110/- J. Downman, Mrs. Broadhead, in white dress, with powdered hair, 325/-; Mrs. Ward, in grey coat, with powdered wig, 84/-

Fine-Art Gossip.

AT the Fine-Art Society's rooms last Wednesday there was a private view of Mr. William Hole's water-colours illustrating the life of Christ, which we have already mentioned.

TO-DAY is the private view, at Messrs. H. Graves & Co.'s galleries, of 'Landscape Paintings in Oil,' by Mr. V. de Ville.

THIS year again we are invited to view an Oxford Exhibition of Historical Portraits, which opens next Tuesday.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & Co. announce in their "Library of Art" the 'Life and Works of Sir William Beechey, R.A.,' by Mr. W. Roberts, who has devoted much research to this neglected painter.

ONE of the oldest representatives of the Düsseldorf School has passed away in the veteran landscape painter Prof. Albert Flamm, whose death in his eighty-third year is announced from Düsseldorf.

THE death in his forty-ninth year is reported from Budapest of the talented Hungarian painter Alexander Bihari. His genre pictures are exceptionally clever, and he also achieved success as a landscape and portrait painter.

An elaborate edition in quarto, printed on Dutch handmade paper at the Chiswick Press, will be ready shortly of 'The Old Stone Crosses of Dorset,' by Mr. Alfred Pope. Monuments of the kind in Dorset are notable and abundant, and the author has spent many years studying them. The book will include a number of reproductions from photographs which have been specially taken to illustrate it.

An important work, under the title of 'Tableaux de Maîtres anciens appartenant à S.M. l'Empereur d'Allemagne,' is announced; it is to appear in twenty-four parts, and will be elaborately illustrated with reproductions from pictures in the various royal residences

at Berlin, Potsdam, Königsberg, and elsewhere. The text is in the hands of Dr. Wilhelm Bode and Dr. Max Friedlander. Many of the pictures are well known, but others will be new to the general art-loving public. The Emperor lent a selection of his French pictures to the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The new publication is to be issued at five marks a part.

MUSIC

THE WEEK.

QUEEN'S HALL.—Bach Festival.

THE Bach Choir was founded thirty years ago by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and at the first concert (April 26th, 1876) he performed Bach's 'Hohe Messe,' a work of which up to that time only one or two excerpts had been heard in England. Dr. Walford Davies therefore wisely included it in the scheme of his first Bach Festival held on Monday and Wednesday evenings at the Queen's Hall.

The programme of the first concert included three Church Cantatas. The first was "Erschallet ihr Lieder," composed the year after Bach's appointment at Leipsic, a magnificent work. The brilliant opening chorus is Handelian in its direct, diatonic character, but the beautiful duet "Komm, lass mich nicht länger warten," is altogether characteristic of the Eisenach master. The second was a solo cantata for contralto voice, "Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde." The autograph of this work, impressive by reason of its simplicity, does not exist, and, further, there is only internal evidence as to its being Bach's composition. Anyhow, it is a noble work, and the representation of the passing-bell shows how effective touches of realism are when added by a master hand. The vocal part was rendered with artistic taste and genuine feeling by Miss Ada Crossley. The third cantata, also belonging to the early Leipsic period, was "Liebster Gott, wann werd ich sterben," another interesting composition. There is a mine of wealth in Bach's Church Cantatas—a mine which it will take long to exhaust. The composer, one might say, wrote to order; in other words, he was expected to provide cantatas for the services at St. Thomas's. That some of them are less impressive than others is therefore not to be wondered at; it is, however, astonishing to find among them so many grand specimens. Bach's heart and soul must have been in his work. The rest of the programme consisted of excerpts from other cantatas, and the great Organ Prelude and Fugue in E minor, skilfully and effectively performed by Dr. H. P. Allen, organist of New College, Oxford. The soloists of the evening, in addition to the one named, were Miss Gleeson-White and Messrs. Gervase Elwes and W. Forington, who all sang commendably: their duties were neither light nor at all times thankful. The choral singing was very good, the tone in the quiet passages being of delightful quality. Dr. Davies conducted with all due earnestness.

In a serious programme such as the

one just described, light, secular music would have been out of place; but at his next Bach festival Dr. Davies might perhaps add a third concert, to show that the master could not only achieve the serious and the sublime, but that he could also be bright, humorous, and even downright merry, without lowering by one jot either his art or himself.

The second evening of the Festival was devoted to the B minor Mass. Mention has often been made of this great work, of its wonderful workmanship, its emotional power; and it would seem as if there were nothing new to say about it. Of late, however, the works of Richard Strauss have engaged public attention, owing to frequent performances of them by Mr. Henry J. Wood, and this Mass comes like a strong protest against the aims and achievements of the modern composer. In Bach we have consummate skill without eccentricity; in Strauss, skill of a high order with eccentricity. In Bach we have great boldness, yet on the whole respect for laws and customs; in Strauss, rather defiance thereof. Bach's music is now over two hundred and fifty years old, and some of the solos, undoubtedly, bear signs of age; but it may be asked, How will Strauss's music bear the test of time?

The performance of the Mass on Wednesday reflects great credit on Dr. Walford Davies. He is thoroughly in earnest—at times, perhaps, too much so: there was everywhere the right spirit, though in matters of balance of tone, light and shade, and *tempo*, certain points were open to criticism. On these, however, it is not necessary to dwell. We would far rather speak of the impressive rendering of the great choruses, particularly the "Cum Sancto Spiritu," the "Credo," and the "Sanctus." The last named was given with becoming dignity, and offered a notable contrast to the hurried rendering under Herr Weingartner's direction at Sheffield, whereby the music was robbed of much of its grandeur. The Bach Choir was reinforced for the occasion by singers from Oxford. The soloists were Miss Gleeson-White, Miss Ada Crossley, and Messrs. Gervase Elwes, and Forington, of whom the second and the last were the most satisfactory.

Musical Gossip.

A SPECIAL feature of the sixth concert given by Miss Grace Sunderland and Mr. Frank Thistleton, at Broadwood's on March 29th, was the performance of Haydn's 'The Last Seven Words of the Saviour on the Cross,' arranged for quartet. They were originally written in 1785 for orchestra with bass recitative, to be performed at Cadiz Cathedral during Holy Week. The series consists of seven short movements, mood-pictures, answering to the Seven Words; there are also an introductory movement and a final one, entitled 'Il Terremoto,' "an example of the tremendous effects of an Earthquake," as it is described in the advertisement of *The Morning Chronicle* for the performance mentioned below. They were arranged by Haydn himself for string quartet. The work was produced in London

in 1791, under the composer's direction, apparently in the original form. The programme of the final concert of the Sunderland-Thistleton series, on the 26th inst., will be devoted to Purcell, Handel, and Bach, and is one of great interest.

THE Joachim Quartet has been giving this week a series of five recitals at the Société Philharmonique de Paris, at each of which one of Beethoven's last five quartets was to be performed. The final recital is to-day, and, as already announced, Dr. Joachim and his worthy associates give their first concert at the Bechstein Hall on the 23rd inst.

It is reported that Herr Wilhelm Gericke is about to resign his post of conductor of the far-famed Boston Symphony Concerts, and that he will return to Europe. He was conductor of these concerts from 1884 to 1889, and was reappointed in 1898.

The fourth anniversary of the death of Verdi has been celebrated at Roncole, where the composer was born. In his will he left a small yearly income to fifty poor families, who, "to show their gratitude, have placed a commemorative tablet on his birth-house. The curé of the village and these humble folk assembled in front of the house, kneeling and offering prayers, after which the tablet was unveiled.

M. LEONCAVALLO has gone to Spain to study the people, their customs, and especially their folk-songs, before writing his new opera, 'Figaro's Youth.' He hopes (according to an interviewer) "to produce a work which will occupy the same place in *opéra comique* as Bizet's 'Carmen' does in dramatic opera"!

A JURY composed of MM. Vincent d'Indy, Gigout, Guilmant, Tournemire, and L. Verne has selected M. Joseph Bonnet, pupil of M. Guilmant at the Conservatoire, for the important post of organist at the church of St. Eustache, Paris.

THE competition for the Grand Prix de Rome will begin at the Palais de Compiègne on May 5th, and the result will be made known at the Institut on June 30th.

HERR WOLF-FERRARI's new comic opera, 'Die vier Grobiane,' was produced at Munich on March 20th, and performed at the Berlin Theater des Westens next day, under the direction of Herr Bertrand Sänger. The libretto, after Goldoni by Giuseppe Pizzolato, was translated into German by Hermann Teibler, who died suddenly on the very day of the Berlin performance.

MADAME MATHILDE MARCHESI DE CASTRONE, who is still actively engaged in teaching, celebrated on March 26th the eightieth anniversary of her birth. Sixty years ago she studied under Manuel García. Madame Marchesi taught singing for many years at Vienna and Cologne, but since 1881 has lived in Paris. Her daughter and pupil, Madame Blanche Marchesi, bears good testimony to the excellence of her mother's teaching.

THERE is a notice of Bizet's 'Don Procopio, recently produced at Monte Carlo, in the *Neue Zeitschrift* of March 21st, signed Max Rikoff. He speaks of pleasing melodies showing the influence of Mozart, Rossini, and Donizetti, but only in a small march does he find foreshadowings of the future creator of 'Carmen.' As to the Italian influences just mentioned, he quotes from a letter of the composer (dated January 11th, 1859) as follows: "Sur les paroles italiennes il faut faire italien. Je n'ai pas cherché à me dérober à cette influence."

The Beethoven-Haus at Bonn has recently added to its treasures the score of the

'Coriolan' Overture, which was purchased from some one at Weenen.

MESSRS. NOVELLO will shortly publish 'Programme Music in the Last Four Centuries,' by Frederick Niecks, Reid Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh.

PERFORMANCES NEXT WEEK.

SUN.	Sunday Society Concert, 3.30, Queen's Hall.
-	Sunday League Concert, 7, Queen's Hall.
FRI.	Orchestral Concert, Queen's Hall.
-	Royal Choral Society, 7, Albert Hall.
-	Orchestral Concert, 8, Queen's Hall.

DRAMA

THE WEEK.

LYRIC.—*Mauricette: a Comedy in Three Acts.* From the French of André Picard by H. B. Irving.

In adapting for his own use, and for production at the Lyric Theatre, the 'Jeunesse' of M. André Picard, Mr. Irving has adhered, during two acts, pretty closely to the story of his original. In the third he has ventured upon changes of interpretation, and, to a certain extent, consequently of conception, which have the effect of giving a somewhat melodramatic complexion to what in the original is comedy with a suggestion of cynicism. For a change of treatment there is every warranty. First produced at the Odéon on December 12th, 'Jeunesse' delighted during two acts by the freshness of its views and the sincerity of its treatment. As is too often the case with plays dealing with social problems, the last act failed to fulfil the opening promise, and even left the audience with an ill taste in its mouth. In fact, the social problems of a world in which institutions previously regarded as serious are placed debonairly on their trial will not always, or often, fit themselves to the issue complacently provided. The pent-up waters refuse to trickle down the channel, but force for themselves a passage of their own. Something of the kind is obvious enough on our own stage, and asserts itself in the best work of our Pineros and Henry Arthur Joneses; witness 'The Benefit of the Doubt' of the former, and 'The Masqueraders' of the latter. With French dramatists, less cramped in their efforts by the exigencies of Mrs. Grundy, the difficulty is besetting, and the conclusion of a work promising at the outset is continually disappointing.

A generation ago, in one of his divinely impertinent addresses to his reader, in which he anticipated the method of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Alexandre Dumas fils gave the sage counsel, "Garde-toi des femmes jusqu'à vingt ans; éloigne-toi d'elles après quarante." That reasonable advice has since then gone out of date, and the love affairs of the man of forty years have long been a favourite subject with actor-managers. Another decade or so has been added in the present case to the years of the amorous, and Roger Dautran is, in the original at least, well over fifty years. Though married to a wife whom he owns to be a model of all the virtues, he is still given to make love to others less

worthy of worship. Time, not Corydon, has at length conquered him, and he is down on his luck when the indiscretion of his wife brings him another chance. Sensible that the house is wanting in youth, she has the evil inspiration to secure as reader a bright, unconventional girl, the penniless daughter of a dead artist. The presence of this being suffuses the house with the light of youth and love, and, "pour le bon motif ou le mauvais," suitors swarm round Mauricette. Among them is Roger, whose experience and pleasing ways seize her heart. Madame Dautran soon learns the extent of her indiscretion, and Mauricette, who is attached to her, and would not wrong her, finds a way out of the difficulty by marrying Dr. Aubert, a loyal and devoted suitor. Here the story virtually ends. What is in fact a species of epilogue shows the triumph of the juvenile spouse over the would-be lover. Neither in the French nor in the English is the termination very natural or very effective, and the best thing that can be said about it is that it is of exemplary morality.

The English dialogue is good, the whole is well acted, and the piece is a success. In the part of the hero, played in France by M. Tarride, Mr. Irving shows more passion than psychology, and carries away the public by his earnestness and his energy. Miss Dorothea Baird is sympathetic and fascinating as Mauricette, a part taken in France by Madame Marthe Regnier. As Madame Dautran Miss Marion Terry gives still further proof of her incomparable art. Mr. Leslie Faber is good as the husband of Mauricette. A very warm reception was awarded the performance. The lighter scenes have, indeed, much that is pleasing. A satisfactory termination has yet, however, to be provided.

Dramatic Gossip.

'THE NEW CLOWN' was revived at Terry's Theatre on Saturday last, Mr. James Welch reappearing as Lord Cyril Garston. With it was given 'A Lady Burglar,' a one-act play by Mr. Charles Brookfield. In this a young lady with advanced views as to property is detected by a barrister whose rooms she plunders during his supposed absence. After a conversation, to be expected in the circumstances, the relations of the pair become amorous, and the property seems likely to be conveyed to the lady by means other and more legitimate than those she at first contemplated.

R. C. CARTON'S one-act play 'Dinner for Two,' first produced in the spring of 1903, was revived at Wyndham's Theatre on Monday evening, when it was played before 'The Candidate' by Mr. Edmund Maurice and Mr. Yorke Stephens. The theatre closes this evening.

THE first production of 'Dorothy o' the Hall' at the New Theatre is fixed for Saturday next. Two acts of this pass on the Terrace, Haddon Hall, and one in the Watch Tower, Rutland Castle.

'THE SECOND IN COMMAND' will be revived on the same evening at the Waldorf Theatre, Mr. Cyril Maude reappearing as Major Bingham.

THURSDAY, the 19th inst., is fixed by Miss Lena Ashwell for reopening the Savoy Theatre with 'The Bond of Ninon,' in the cast of which Miss Beatrice Terry and Mr. Vincent Sternroyd have been included.

OWING to the indisposition of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the revival at the Garrick of 'Monsieur de Paris' has had to be postponed until to-day, when it will be played both morning and afternoon.

THE autumn season at His Majesty's will open early in September with 'The Winter's Tale,' with, as has been announced, Miss Ellen Terry as Hermione, and Miss Tree as Perdita. 'Macbeth' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' will follow.

MISS MARGARET HALSTAN plays in 'Nero' the part of Acte created by Miss Dorothea Baird, whose part at the Lyric we notice above.

MISCELLANEA

CHAUCER BIBLIOGRAPHY.

THERE recently came into my possession a copy of John Stow's edition of Chaucer (1561) which is in several respects of special interest. The book is a very large copy (measuring 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 9 inches), with some edges uncut. It is in the original oak boards, which are much worm-eaten, and still have the greater part of the leather with which they were covered. On the back of the title, in a neat Elizabethan hand, is the passage from the prologue to 'The Persons Tale,' in which Chaucer mentions his principal works, apologizes for whatever may be amiss in them, and prays for grace to bewail his "giltes." This passage does not appear in the text of the book, because it is not in the manuscript used by the printers of the early folios. On the last leaf there is a note in a different hand :—

"Geffry Chaucer dyed 25 of October 1400 aged 72 years and lyen buried in Westm. Abbey..... Afterwards Mr. Nicholas Brigham 1555 added this inscription in his tombe, 'Qui fuit Anglorum vates,' &c.

A third note, dated 1807, is by W. H. Goldwyer, of Bristol, who surmises from the manuscript entries noted above, and from the fact that the initials I. S. are stamped on the sides of the book, that this was Stow's own copy. "It has been in my family almost two centuries," says Mr. Goldwyer, "and belonged to Henry Dudley, Vicar of Broad Hinton, Wilts, about the year 1670, my maternal grandfather."

Though I do not believe that the writing is Stow's, as Mr. Goldwyer supposed, it is pleasing to think that this may have been the editor's own copy. This theory receives some support from the initials I. S. and from the fact that the copy belongs to an early issue.

It is well known that the introductory leaves vary in different copies of the 1561 edition of Chaucer. There are two entirely different title-pages: one with a large cut of Chaucer's arms in the centre, the other with a picture of a king in Council at the top. Copies differ also as regards the 'Prologue,' some having woodcuts of the characters, and others not. These woodcuts, which are much worn, are identical with those in Pynson's edition of 'The Canterbury Tales,' 1526. By 1561 several of the blocks appear to have been lost, because some are made to do duty for more than one character; for example, the Wife of Bath is represented by the picture of the

Priest! For this reason, and because the blocks must have seemed somewhat primitive, it was evidently decided, after a few copies of the leaves had been struck off, to dispense with illustrations. The saving of space caused the number of introductory leaves to be reduced from fourteen to ten: the bulk of the volume is uniform in all copies. If the title with Chaucer's arms is called A, the title with the king in Council B, the introductory leaves with the woodcuts C, and the leaves without them D, the combinations usually found are A+D (by far the commonest) and B+C; these are the forms described in the 1893 catalogue of the Grolier Club. The fine copy in the Grenville Library and the copy in the King's Library in the British Museum are examples of A+D; while the third copy in the Museum is B+C. It is interesting to find that there exist copies with the other possible combinations, and copies which, from their condition, have clearly not been "made up." Mr. Hoe has a large copy with the title of the king in Council, and the 'Prologue' without the woodcuts (i.e., B+D); while the copy now before me is the only example I can trace with the title with Chaucer's arms and the 'Prologue' with the woodcuts (i.e., A+C).

GEORGE A. AITKEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. F. H. N.—J. L.—S. E. W.—J. L. W.—A. C. B.—Received.
S. S.—Books received.
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